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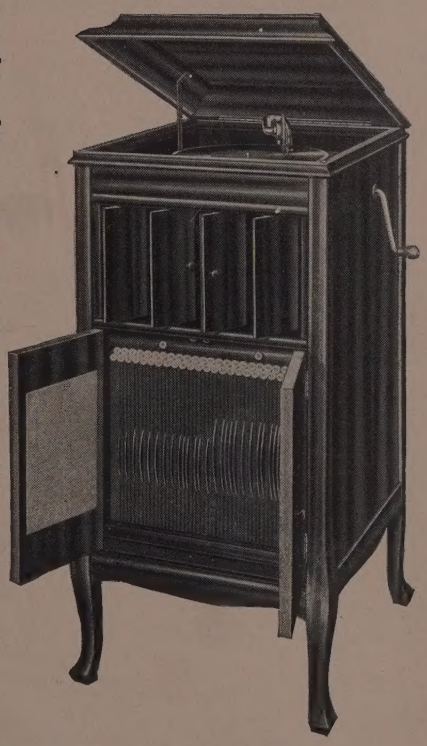

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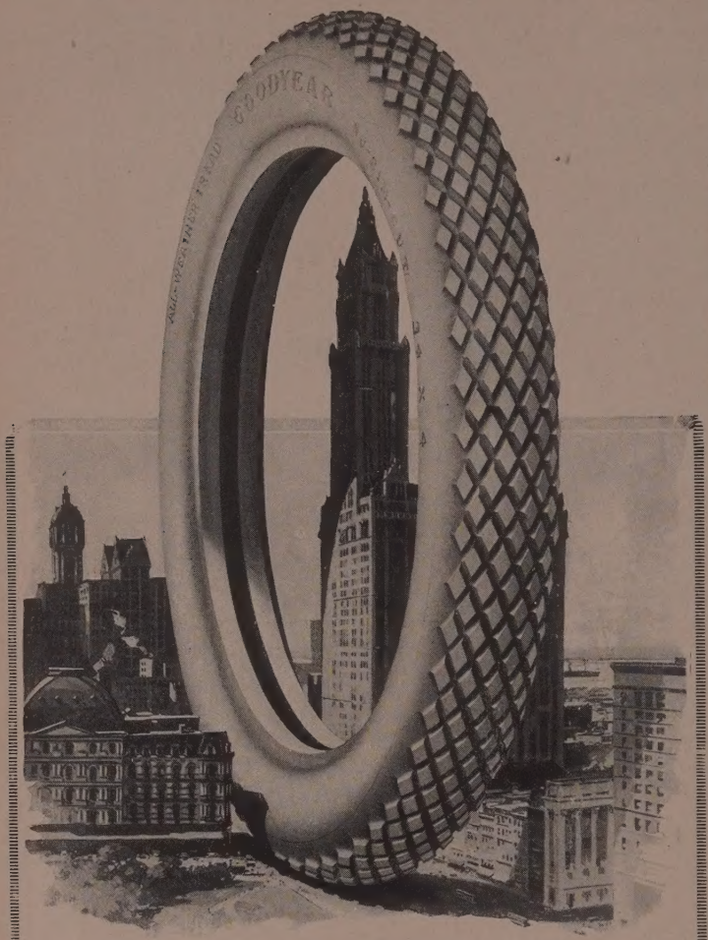

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Contents

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		PAGE
CONTENTS ILLUSTRATION: Scene in "Dancing Around" at the Winter Garden		
TITLE PAGE: Alla Nazimova in "That Sort" at the Harris		261
THE NEW PLAYS: "Pygmalion," "Diplomacy," "A Pair of Silk Stockings," "Mr. Wu," "Experience," "A Perfect Lady," "The Lilac Domino," "Princess, One-act Plays," "The Highway of Life," "The Battle Cry," "Mary Goes First," "Outcast," "Suzi," "The Only Girl," "Kick In," "Chin-Chin" "Life," "Big Jim Garrity," "Milady's Boudoir," "The Marriage of Columbine," "That Sort," "Papa's Darling," "The Salamander."		262
SCENES IN FOUR CURRENT PLAYS—Full-page Plate		265
THE MAKING OF MY LADY'S DRESS—Illustrated		268
SCENES IN "MY LADY'S DRESS"—Full-page Plate		269
GRAND OPERA AT THE METROPOLITAN—Illustrated		270
MRS. FISKE—Full-page Plate		273
THROUGH THE LENS—Illustrated	*Lynde Denig*	274
ROI COOPER MEGRUE—THE BOY WITH TWO PLAYS ON BROADWAY—Illustrated	*A. P.*	276
LAURA HOPE CREWS—Full-page Plate		277
WHY I GAVE UP SHAKESPEARE FOR CHARACTER ROLES—Illustrated	*Walker Whiteside*	278
SCENES IN "MR. WU"—Full-page Plate		279
BROWSING FOR VAUDEVILLE TALENT—Illustrated		281
STAGE CLOTHES—Illustrated	*Isabelle Martin*	283
FRITZI SCHEFF—Full-page Plate		285
RIGHT AND WRONG REALISM—Illustrated	*Ada Patterson*	286
FRANK KEENAN AT HOME—Full-page Plate		287
ANNIE SAKER IN "THE STORY OF THE ROSARY"—Full-page Plate		289
LAUGHTER IN THE THEATRE	*Edward Goodman*	290
A QUEEN OF STAGE ADVENTURESSES—Illustrated	*Yetta Dorothea Geffen*	291
SOME RECENT HITS—Illustrated	*Y. D. G.*	307

THE COVER:—Portrait in Colors of Mr. Leo Ditrichstein in "The Phantom Rival"

The colored portraits that appear on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE each month are those of artists who have distinguished themselves on the stage. To be put on the cover of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE is regarded in the profession as a reward of merit. Players look on it as a theatrical hall of fame. Money cannot buy the privilege. It is one accorded only to talent. If only from this standpoint, therefore, our covers are of particular value to the public. If our readers knew that the artist had paid for the cover, as for so much advertising space, the picture would have no value in their eyes. But, knowing that the distinction is awarded only to real merit, the portraits are eagerly sought and collected as souvenirs. Leo Ditrichstein was born in Hungary, and made his stage début in Berlin. In 1890 while acting at the Royal Theatre, Hamburg, he attracted the attention of Gustav Amberg, manager of the German Theatre in New York, who made him an offer to come to America. Three years after his first appearance at the Irving Place Theatre he was engaged by Charles Frohman and appeared on the English-speaking stage in "Mr. Wilkinson's Widows." His first hit was as the Zouave in "Trilby." After that the actor wrote pieces of his own. He collaborated with Clyde Fitch on "Gossip" and "A Superfluous Husband," then followed his other plays—"The Last Appeal," "Harriet's Honeymoon," the uproarious farce, "Are You a Mason?" (from the German), "Vivian's Papa," "All on Account of Eliza," "The Song of the Sword" and "Before and After." Mr. Ditrichstein is now starring in "The Phantom Rival" at the Belasco Theatre.

CONTRIBUTORS—The Editor will be glad to receive for consideration articles on dramatic or musical subjects, sketches of famous actors or singers, etc., etc. Postage stamps should in all cases be enclosed to insure the return of contributions found to be unavailable. All manuscripts submitted should be accompanied when possible by photographs. Artists are invited to submit their photographs for reproduction in THE THEATRE. Each photograph should be inscribed on the back with the name of the sender, and if in character, with that of the character represented. Contributors should always keep a duplicate copy of articles submitted. The utmost care is taken with manuscripts and photographs, but we decline all responsibility in case of loss.

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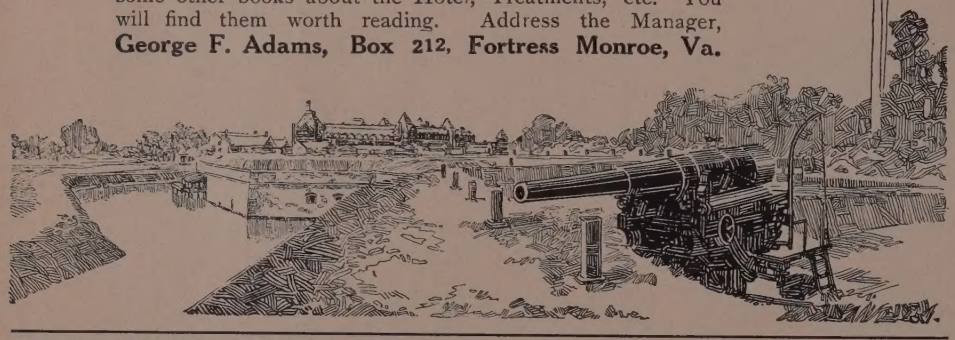

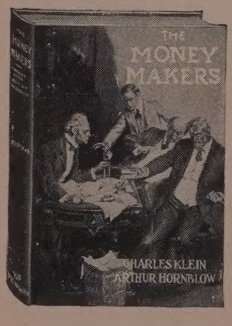

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The Little Theatre Conferences

The fourth season of the Willis Steell Conferences commenced on November 24th at the Little Theatre. The subject of this conference was Catherine Second of Russia, with illustrations by means of an excellent new device of portraits of the Empress, the originals of which are at Peterhof, the Winter Palace and other royal residences of Russia. The personal side of the life of this remarkable woman, who was by birth a German Princess, was most prominently treated by Mr. Steell at this matinée.

The conferences are subscription affairs and a very limited number of seats are available to the public. They have proved popular and successful in preceding seasons and a taste for this form of entertainment is being developed in this city which bids fair to equal that of Paris, where such entertainments have a large following.

Succeeding conferences will be on the life and time of Diane de Poitiers, the genius and personal history of Mme. de Stael and the extra ordinary career of Emma, Lady Hamilton. An interlude which should prove a charming future will be introduced in the second conference when Margaret Huston, the distinguished London soprano will sing the Bruneau dances—Pavane, Sarabande, etc.—a composition which revives the atmosphere of the beautiful Diane and her Valois lover.

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The present indications are that the room will be patronized by a considerable number of the men on parole, and one of our needs will be a supply of magazines and other suitable reading matter. Having read your magazine I recognize it as one most suitable for our purpose, and being absolutely dependent on the generosity of friends for the success of our work, I beg to ask you in the interest of the unfortunate men we are trying to help that you kindly give us a free subscription of your magazine.

Thanking you for your consideration and co-operation in this matter, I am,

Very truly yours,

H. B. ROGERS.

November 9, 1914.

Many productions which appear at first sight dazzling phenomena in the province of the fine arts resemble the mimic gardens of children. Impatient to witness the work of their hands, they plant broken branches and flowers. Everything at first assumes a noble appearance, till the rootless plants begin to droop and hang their withered leaves and blossoms, and soon nothing remains but the bare twigs, while the dark forest, on which no art or care was ever bestowed, and which towered up toward heaven long before human remembrance, bears every blast unshaken, and fills the solitary beholder with religious awe.—SCHLEGEL.

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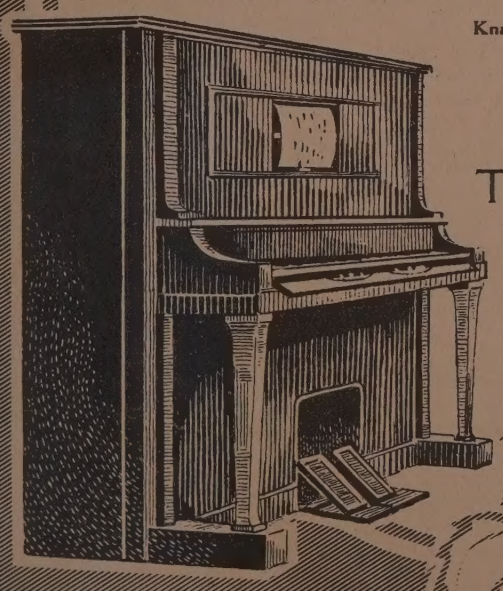

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THE THEATRE

VOL. XX. DECEMBER, 1914 No. 166

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White

ALLA NAZIMOVA AS DIANA LASKA IN "THAT SORT" AT THE HARRIS THEATRE

PLAYS & PLAYERS

White Philip Merivale Mrs. Edmund Gurney Olive Wilmot Davies

Mrs. Patrick Campbell

Act I. Eliza Doolittle (Mrs. Patrick Campbell): "Penny a bunch"

SCENE IN GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S PLAY, "PYGMALION," AT THE LIBERTY THEATRE

LIBERTY. "PYGMALION." Romance in five acts by G. Bernard Shaw. Produced on October 12th with the following cast:

Henry Higgins.....Philip Merivale	Eliza Doolittle....Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Col. Pickering.....Dallas Cairns	Mrs. Eynsford-Hill.....Mrs. Ed Gurney
Freddy Eynsford-Hill....Algernon Greig	Miss Eynsford-Hill.....Olive W. Davies
Alfred Doolittle.....Edmund Gurney	Mrs. Higgins.....Moira Greegan
A Bystander.....Herbert Ranson	Mrs. Pearce.....Nellie Mortyne
Another One.....E. J. Ballintine	Parlor Maid.....Maud Phillips

When, some years ago, Mrs. Patrick Campbell resorted to "Sophocles" at the Garden Theatre, she theatrically starved. Recently Mrs. Pat, aided and abetted by George Bernard Shaw, "sold out" at the big Park Theatre, and when that playhouse was needed for other purposes, moved down to the Liberty and does just as well, which would seem to prove that "the play *is* the thing," and that New Yorkers prefer Shaw to "Sophocles."

It must not be forgotten, however, that the bewhiskered George Bernard had to wait some time before his full value was recognized in this country. Now he has reached that happy state where everything he writes is accepted offhand. As long as the piece comes from his pen, that is enough, and so it is that "Pygmalion is received with as much cheer and acclaim as if it were another "Fanny's First Play," which it is not. Even Shaw is not always at his best, vide "Androcles," recently published.

"Pygmalion" is Shaw in one of his most extravagant moods; yet he describes it as a "five-act romance." Henry Higgins, a professor in phonetics, on a wager with Col. Pickering, takes a Covent Garden flower girl, Eliza Doolittle, and declares that by his system he can in three months pass the girl off as a Duchess at an Ambassador's Garden Party. Her education is then taken in hand, only to be interrupted by her father, a dustman, one of the "undeserving poor," who initiates a polite effort at blackmail in a scene delicious in its hypocritical satire. In the third act there is another delightful interlude, wherein Eliza's progress is tried at Henry's mother's day at home. Intonation, enunciation, all are perfect, but when Eliza ventures beyond the dialogue allotted to her by the Professor, the effect is screamingly funny. In her vocal development, Eliza's heart also develops, and what to do with her now that she has been made a human being opens up a problem which Shaw leaves each one in the audience to decide for himself. It is all very entertaining, amusing and witty, but it should be curtailed.

As Shaw picked Mrs. Pat to play Eliza, who should cavil at her rendering? No one will, for it is a technical exposition of rare value instinct with humor, feeling and great emotional sincerity. Philip Merivale is a vigorous Henry Higgins, Dallas Cairns a polished Pickering, while Edmund Gurney as the father, later a convert to "middle class morality," showed himself a comedian of resourceful grotesque humor.

EMPIRE. "DIPLOMACY." Play in four acts by Victorien Sardou. Revived on October 20th with the following cast:

Henri Beauclerc.....William Gillette	M. Steffoni.....W. Van Loon
Comtessa Zicka.....Blanche Bates	Antoine .....Henry Dornton
Dora .....Marie Doro	Sheppard .....John Carmichael
Julian Beauclerc.....Leslie Faber	Marquise Rio-Zares.....Jeffreys Lewis
Count Orloff.....Giorgio Majeroni	Lady Henry Fairfax.....Bertha Fordyce
Baron Stein.....Gustav Seyffertitz	Mion .....Malice Sheridan
Algie Fairfax.....Norman Tharp	Bellboy .....Bewford Hampden

"Diplomacy" has become a veritable warhorse for the exploitation of dramatic capacity. To regular theatregoers the play is well known; to the rising generation it will provide many a thrill by the ingenuity of its plot, its exciting development and the value and weight of its principal characters. Its revival at the Empire will give oldtimers a subject for acerbate comparison. Others, perforce, may think it "just grand and lovely."

In the matter of scenery and appointments there is no criticism to offer; in its presentation it is sadly lacking in atmosphere and that proportionate balance that go to make up a homogeneous and satisfying whole. The program scintillates with the names of stars. The performance, however, does not shine.

Gustav von Seyffertitz carries off the honors. His Baron Stein is a character study that pictures outwardly and inwardly the cunning and insistent capacity of the political intriguer. Blanche Bates gave a good technical rendering of Zicka, the catlike spy. It was hardly subtle, but it was theatrically sound. Marie Doro was very gentle and pretty to look upon, but Dora requires something more than this for true effectiveness. Giorgio Majeroni departed freely from convention as Orloff, but was well liked. Leslie Faber was entirely too restrained as Julian, while William Gillette as Henri Beauclerc, diplomat and man of the world, was sadly miscast. Instead of masterful reserve, personal distinction and supreme authority, Mr. Gillette was fussy, undistinguished and monotonous of speech.

LITTLE. "A Pair of Silk Stockings." Comedy in three acts by Cyril Harcourt. Produced on October 20th with this cast:

Lady Gower.....M. Hamley-Clifford
Irene Maitland.....Sybil Carlisle
Pamela Bristowe.....Mary Glynne
Angela .....Barbara Allen
Captain Bagnal.....P. Clayton Greene
Sam Thornhill.....Kenneth Douglas
Sir John Gower.....Cyril Harcourt
Hugh MacIntyre.....Edward Douglas
Arthur Brock.....Lawrence White
Morgan .....George Odell
Molly Thornhill.....Caroline Bayley
Pauline .....Hazel Housley
Wilson .....Byron Russell
A Tramp.....Walter McEwen

It is a very agreeable, polite, amiable and occasionally funny three-act comedy which Mr. Winthrop Ames has imported for presentation at the Little Theatre. It is called "A Pair of Silk Stockings," and was written by Cyril Harcourt, who plays the fairly prominent part of Sir John Gower. Be it said, Mr. Harcourt writes much better than he acts. Its first act has a rehearsal of a scene from "Caste" as a means of bringing forward its characters. It is intended to produce what "A Pantomime Rehearsal" did in the way of humor. Therein it fails, for the rehearsal is a bit flat, but from it it is easily learned that among the guests is a good-natured, slangy young man named Sam Thornhill, who is to play the bibulous Eccles. He and his wife have separated. She claimed he gave furs to a fair charmer, and he alleged that she gave him no chance to prove his innocence. A dashing person is this Mrs. Thornhill, who presently arrives, her car having broken down, as she says. As Captain Bagnal, an old flame of hers, but now engaged to Pamela Bristowe, is returning to town, his room is given to her for the night. Thither Sam in his Eccles makeup resolves to burglariously enter in order to effect a reconciliation. Interrupted before she sees him, he hides himself in a closet, whereupon, having lost his train, Capt. Bagnal enters by the window. Usual complications. Sam is seized, bruised up, his feet tied with a pair of his wife's silk stockings and thrust into the bathroom. Enter Miss Bristowe. More complications. Especially as Sam has escaped and she refuses to believe the burglar yarn. In the third act everything is straightened out, but so deftly, and in such a human way, so true to life, that it is easily the best part of the piece. Kenneth Douglas is splendidly amusing as Sam, and Caroline Bayley, dashing, breezy and finished as his wife. Lady Gower is a genuine creation as presented by Miss M. Hamley-Clifford. P. Clayton Greene is an agreeable Bagnal, and Miss Sybil Carlisle sympathetically appealing as a sensible and attractive woman who has been overlooked.

Floyd

ELEANOR PAINTER
In "The Lilac Domino." at the 44th Street Theatre

MAXINE ELLIOTT'S. "Mr. Wu." Play in three acts by Harry M. Vernon and Harold Owen. Produced on October 14th with this cast:

A Minstrel, Charles Dopreau; Ah Sing, Arthur E. Sprague; Nang Ping, Antoinette Walker; Low Loong, Nancy Winston; Basil Gregory, Frank Wupperman; Mrs. Gregory, Diedre Doyle; Hilda Gregory, June Keith; Ah Wong, Maude Shaw; Mr. Gregory, E. J. Ratcliffe; Tom Carruthers, Sydney Stone; Wu Li Chang, Walker Whiteside; Chinese Clerk, Nat Sack; The Compradore, M. J. Rale; Murray, Hollister Pratt; Holman, Clifton Alderson; A. Coolie, Grant Sherman.

Mr. Walker Whiteside did not go astray with his dramatic instinct when he played in "The Typhoon" a few seasons ago, or when he chose for his present activity a play entitled "Mr. Wu," in which a Chinese merchant of great wealth and mysterious power seeks revenge upon a so-called superior civilization, which, through the passion of a youthful Englishman, has debased his daughter. The play, involving as it does a conflict between two civilizations, is novel, picturesque and effective. In the absence of Mr. Wu, a young Englishman has found his way to the heart of his daughter. The foreigner has been trifling, for he is going back to England to make a marriage there that has been arranged for him. Mr. Wu discovers the affair and puts his daughter to the sword, after the custom of Chinese families. Mr. Wu now sets about accomplishing the ruin of the father of this youth. The father, a prosperous merchant, presently finds his business is going wrong. His ships meet with disaster. Strikes interfere with his cargoes. His credit is impaired His son is spirited away before he reaches England, being secretly held as a captive by Mr. Wu. The English merchant is so violent in an interview with Mr. Wu that the Oriental

White

Thurston Hall Wilda Bennett
Act II. Ruth Wilson (Miss Bennett)—"I have the music for it now—birds in the air, a rippling brook"
SCENE IN "THE ONLY GIRL," NOW BEING PRESENTED AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

David Copperfield (J. V. Bryant) and Agnes (Edyth Latimer) in "The Highway of Life"

Photos White

Mr. Micawber (Lennox Pawle)

THE MICAWBER FAMILY IN "THE HIGHWAY OF LIFE," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE

Em'ly (Dorothy Parker) and James Steerforth (Vernon Steel) in "The Highway of Life"

refuses to confer with him further, but offers to discuss matters at his own home with the wife of the merchant if she would deign to visit him. This visit to the house of Mr. Wu is to afford the most tense situation of the play. The wife arrives at Mr. Wu's house, accompanied by her native servant, a faithful woman. The room into which the wife is ushered has an Oriental magnificence, very successfully conveyed by the setting, with its details and color schemes, its shining brass and objects of art. The servants are dismissed and they are alone. Orders are given that the doors are to be opened for her when he strikes a gong. He is smoothly polite and deferential, always speaking with a level voice, but he gives her to understand that she shall not leave the room until she has paid the penalty for the disgrace of his daughter, the disgrace brought about by her son. He leaves the room and will have tea served. The woman's smothered cries for help are heard by her female servant, who throws through the transom a vial of poison. The wife will destroy herself with it, and drops the poison in the cup of tea, which Mr. Wu in his gallantry exchanges for his own. It is needless to say that Mr. Wu becomes sensible of the situation almost immediately after drinking the tea. It is in those very few moments that Mr. Wu, or Mr. Whiteside for him, has a few busy and tragic moments. He attempts to slay the woman, and with almost the last swing of the sword he strikes the gong which is to release his intended victim. It is not always possible adequately to describe an effective piece of acting such as this was. It is easy to see that if the contributory circumstances were not absolutely strong and illusive that the situation would fail. At the same time it is a very fine piece of acting. The acting of the subordinate Oriental characters, which had to be in keeping, their task being one of simulation which had to be kept up at every moment, was excellent throughout. Mr. Whiteside's performance is noteworthy. Whether a true study of Chinese character or not matters little. His impassive face, stiff bearing and gestures fit a theory at any rate. Miss Diedre Doyle as the wife, and Mr. Ratcliffe as the husband were satisfactory.

BOOTH. "EXPERIENCE." Play in ten episodes by George V. Hobart. Incidental music by Max Bendix; songs and cabaret music by Silvio Hein. Produced October 27th with this cast:

Love ..... Miriam Collins	Conceit ..... Edmund Roth
Hope ..... May McManus	Snob ..... Duncan Harris
Youth ..... William Elliott	Beauty ..... Madeline Howard
Ambition ..... Willard Blackmore	Wealth ..... Charles Stevenson
Experience ..... Ben Johnson	Intoxication ..... Margot Williams
Pleasure ..... Roxane Barton	Passion ..... Florence Short
Fashion ..... Bess Ryan	Despair ..... Harry Lane
Style ..... Julian Little	Chance ..... George T. Meech
Frivolity ..... Marion Whitney	Degradation ..... Marion Holcombe

A morality play of to-day, written without sincerity, would be an imitation of an old form. George V. Hobart has given a new turn to the morality play. He blends the elements so judiciously that he makes a rare entertainment out of his preachment. We realize that when Youth goes out into the world he will encounter temptation from beautiful women. Incident follows incident. There are two consistently abstract persons in the piece—Experience and Ambition—the one supposed to have died in the early part of the Youth's journey, but happily reappearing at the end, and the other, Experience, accompanying him all the way and uttering sonorous platitudes. After Youth starts on his journey he meets with Pleasure and Opportunity "In the Street of Vacillation." When he reaches "The Primrose Path" he encounters Travel, Song, Sport, Fashion, Blueblood, Style, Frivolity, Conceit, Snob, Pride, Beauty, Deceit, Slander, Wealth, Intoxication and Passion. In this scene we have a slice of the midnight supper life on the highroad of folly in New York. Youth, after some hesitation of innocence, gets to know what mean the sparkle and the bubbles in the wine. Surely, there is not so very much abstraction about this. "In the Corridors of Chance," a luxurious gambling room, Youth learns the fascination and despair that hang

MARIE TEMPEST
Starring in "Mary Goes First," at the Comedy

Scenes in Four Plays Now Being Presented on Broadway

Intoxication (Margot Williams) and Youth (William Elliott) in "Experience"

Robert Ivett, Lee Collins and Tom McNaughton in "Suzi"

MONTGOMERY AND STONE AND SOME OF THE GIRLS IN "CHIN CHIN," AT THE GLOBE

Photos White

Annie Mack Berlein — Jane Grey — Katherine Harris — John Barrymore

SCENE IN WILLARD MACK'S PLAY, "KICK IN," AT THE REPUBLIC THEATRE

on the turn of the wheel in roulette, exultantly winning and hopelessly losing, with Good Nature, Superstition, System, Stupid, Despair, Chance, Careless, Thoughtless, and Stool Pigeon, as his companions. As true a little scene this as could be written or staged. In every detail it is remote from abstraction. It is absolutely modern. Having lost his money, Youth reaches "The Street of Disillusion." Pleasure and Beauty have little use for him now. Style disdains him. Frivolity and Wealth pass him by. There are bits of acting in all this that are gems. The very people that appear and fit in for a moment make an incident complete, so that the multiplicity of characters does not disturb the flow of the story. Thus, when Work offers employment to Youth we realize the dignity of labor from the speech, not a declamation, made by the rude laborer in his shirt sleeves—an excellent bit done by Willard Blackmore. Youth does go to work. He becomes a waiter in a disreputable dining-room and dance hall. He has to do with Grouch, Frailty, Makeshift, Rogue, Dissolute, Sneak, Illiterate, Indolence, Rascal, Reckless, Cheat, Poverty and Law. No abstractions in this experience. Law, a policeman, arrests him when he tries to shield Frailty, who commits her first theft of a pocketbook. Each little scene has its story, and is a little play in itself. Margot Williams, as Frailty, out of all the host of excellent players, won a curtain call for a spirited burst of natural acting. When Youth is thrown out of employment he is terrified by the aspect of Poverty, and is induced by Delusion to find forgetfulness in drugs. In "The House of Lost Souls" he is forced to consort with Habit, Degradation and Crime. In the "Street of Forgotten Days" he comes to himself again, recalled by the familiar music that floats from the church; and is soon back again with his Love and her companion, Hope, "In the Land Where the Dreamer Awakens." The staging, the acting, the costuming, the scenery, the music, the lighting, the choice of players, and everything entering into the production, make it one of the most notable successes of the season. Its merits are so abundant and the distinctive performances so numerous that a general recognition in praise of "Experience" must be accorded without detail.

Copyright Charles Frohman

Julian Beauclerc (Leslie Faber) Henri Beauclerc (William Gillette) Count Orloff (Giorgio Majeroni)
Act II. Julian Beauclerc: "You are a coward and a liar"
SCENE IN THE REVIVAL OF SARDOU'S "DIPLOMACY," AT THE EMPIRE

HUDSON. "A PERFECT LADY." Play in four acts by Channing Pollock and Rennold Wolf. Produced October 28th with this cast:

A Comedian, James Cody; Another Comedian, Louis Mason; Bertie Snyder, Ned A. Sparks; Flossie Day, Beatrice Noyes; Mazie, Agnes Marc; Hiram Gee, Charles A. Sturgis; Sadie Randall, Adele Adams, Sam Lipman, Harry G. Bates; Lucille Higgins, Rose Stahl; A Newsboy, Harry Penn; Robert Griswold, Raymond V. Sickle; David Grayling, Harry C. Browne; Mrs. Beckwith, Isabel Goodwin; Della Cooke, Marion Stephenson; John Griswold, William A. Norton; Martin Craig, Chic Burnham; Lem Short, Sidney Blaire; Claire Higgins, Cherrie Carlisle; A Lamplighter, Alfred Goldberg; A Housekeeper, Helen Leslie.

Several years ago a play of no very great consequence was produced in this city, which contained a line so good that the memory of it has endured. In the progress of the love story the young lover had to see his inamorata very late at night; she expostulated that nobody came to a tryst at such an hour, and he replied: "Romeo did." The man who thought of this retort courteous has probably been trying in the intervening years to live up to it. In these years he has fathered or stepfathered (there was a collaborator) several musical comedies. The play, "A Perfect Lady," is the most recent thing seen here in which he is interested as co-author, and while it contains several bright and amusing lines, none of them comes up to his *"Romeo did."* Miss Stahl's rôle is not very effective, even in her hands, and in anybody else's it would excite derision. She is an ex-star of the burlesque, known as Lucille Le Jambon, Lucille the Ham, a name which she is trying to live down in a village which, we are asked to believe, is a sort of suburb of Kansas City. There she brings her dear little sister, who has been educated on the ill-gotten gains of burlesque, to a cabaret with tango trimmings, and tells her this is now her home. The dear little sister isn't pleased with the new home or with a party gown trimmed with coral pink that big sister has sat up late

Photos White
Vaughn Trevor and Emelie Polini in "Little Face"

o' nights to finish for her. The pathos of this episode, if it is intended to be pathetic, somehow misses the handkerchief. The story of Lucille's fight with an obdurate and puritanical landlord, with the scandal-mongers of the town, with the preacher who gives in his pulpit what she calls a "bum" monologue, is told with utter absence of realism and in a manner so reminiscent of the crude methods of fifty years ago as to be amazing. The piece gave none of the twenty-one actors employed an opportunity, and this was to be particularly regretted in the case of Miss Stahl, who is a comedienne of rare talent.

FORTY-FOURTH STREET. "THE LILAC DOMINO." Operetta in three acts by Charles Cuvillier; book and lyrics by Emerich Von Gatti and Bela Jenbach; English adaptation by Harry B. Smith; English lyrics by Robert B. Smith. Produced on October 28th with the following cast:

Vicomte de Brissac.....George Curzon	Mimi .....Jennie Miller
Georgine .....Eleanor Painter	Mariette .....Marie Hamilton
Elledon .....James Harrod	Suzanne .....Christine Mueller
Leonie D'Andorcet.....Rene Dettling	Celeste .....Gertrude Grosberg
Count Andre.....Wilfrid Douthitt	Florette .....Julie Cahill
Prosper .....John E. Hazzard	Jean .....Leicester Parker
Casimir .....Robert O'Connor	Frederic .....Maxwell Olney
Baroness de Villiers...Jeanne Maubourg	Max .....A. R. Gilchrist
Istvan .....Harry Hermsen	Henry, ...Louis Burke
Fifi .....Ethel Pettit	Maurice .....H. B. Boell

That "The Lilac Domino" is produced by the Dippel Opera Comique Company is reasonable assurance that there is real music in it, music of the kind that almost makes the book negligible. It has a story that is hardly worth the telling, but it answers the purpose. There is an exchange of identities and an heiress fairly won without any thought of her money. The book and lyrics were first written by Emerich von Gatti and Bela Jenbach, and then rewritten by Harry B. and Robert B. Smith; the music by Cuvillier. In good part, and for by far the most part, the opera is new, and it was not in the power of adaptation to smother that newness. A delightful new singer came with the opera, an American girl, Eleanor Painter, who has been singing in Germany. Her recognition there was not slow, and it will be instant here. She is young and lithe, self-confident, but with an air of gracious modesty, light in movement, unobtrusively but strongly coquettish, sufficiently skilled in acting to seem not to be trying, carelessly winning, and with a voice of very great purity and a training that is worthy of a Dippel opera. The most applauded song of the evening was the duet with Mr. Douthitt, *"What Is Done You Never Can Undo."* Mr. Douthitt is an agreeable looking young man, light in build, with a baritone the wonders of which had been much rumored before he came to us. In one song he sustained a note so long that the audience awaited breathlessly, and at its finish applauded him again and again, compelling him to do it again. Jeanne Maubourg and Rene Dettling are voices of delightful refinement in training. Miss Dettling was permitted to be funny. She had a song, *"What Every Woman Knows,"* in which the opinions of Mother Eve on dress were communicated; and it was her privilege to make the three comedians jump sticks and otherwise to disport themselves as gay dogs in training. It is fair to say that this one digression of nonsense stands alone in the opera, and that the comedy in general was of a better and more refined order. The introduction of some fine motion pictures in color of the carnival at Nice was not inappropriate, for the action passed in that picturesque town and included the carnival. The chorus has youth and comeliness.

Holbrook Blinn as Wing Shee in "The Cat and the Cherub"

PRINCESS. One-act plays. "PHIPPS," by Stanley Houghton Produced October 17th. Cast: Sir Gerald, Vaughn Trevor; Lady Fanny, Jean Murdoch; Phipps, Holbrook Blinn.

The thriller did not hold a prominent place in the first new (*Continued on page 299*)

Gladys Hill and Holbrook Blinn in "The Goal"
SCENES IN THE ONE-ACT PLAYS RECENTLY AT THE PRINCESS

The Making of My Lady's Dress

WE often like a thing for just what it is, and would resent criticism of it as an impertinence. This would be a very reasonable attitude with reference to "My Lady's Dress." It is not a play in the ordinary sense, and yet it is a play in an extraordinary sense. Six little plays follow an introduction, and these little plays have no connection whatever the one with the other in so far as the characters are concerned, for each of the little stories concerns people of its own and is played in a locality of its own, Italy, France, Holland, Siberia and England. It would not be possible to make the stories more distinct. No plot connects them. The stories, or scenes, however, have to do with the history of My Lady's Dress. We must assume that the dress was identified with the romances, for the most part of heartbreak, which are unfolded before us. These stories are the dreams of a wife who has fallen asleep in her boudoir after discussing with her husband a beautiful dress which she has just received from the shop, and the costliness of which outrages the husband's sense of propriety. When she wakes up, remembering her dreams, she resumes her discussion with her husband and comes to some wholesome conclusions. Thus the dreams have been a real part of the action. We do not feel that we have been tricked into witnessing half a dozen little plays made available by makeshift. They belong together, after all. At any rate, this arrangement is satisfactory in the absence of what, strictly speaking, would be called plot. There is a certain unity in that the two principal characters, different in each little play, are always the wife, who we know is sleeping in her boudoir, and her husband. Each little play being complete in itself, we do not have to try to establish any connection between the different stories, for none exists, ought to exist, or could exist, except in the minds of the audience with reference to the dress, which is already completed. The dream element is entirely justified. There is a charm about the play which is all the more impressive because it is not easy to describe to ourselves. To say that the piece is instinct with refinement would be absolutely true, and yet most of the scenes depict sordid lives in sordid surroundings. But there is always the touch of sympathy, sympathy for the misguided as well as the unfortunate. It takes refinement of art, too, to express refinement of sentiment. Between the two lies the charm which is not indefinable. The first of the little plays has to do with the silk worm. It doesn't matter that these particular silk worms have nothing to do with My Lady's Dress. These particular silk worms are killed by the treachery of a discarded lover who has been left in charge of the room containing the worms, which has to be kept at a certain temperature. The peasant who owns the worms has to be absent, with the girl he is to marry, for the ceremony that is to make him happy. The jealous and defeated lover has been played upon by the girl, who has obtained from him by cajolery and deception some of the very finery in which she is to be married. A sordid story, but picturesque, and with the impress of human nature on it. We have been hasty. We must assume that some of the silk worms lived and were represented in My Lady's Dress. The second story is even more sordid, and yet not indelicate, for it is so very human. It is in France. The wife plies the loom, the husband, feeble and emaciated, a consumptive, toils at a part of the work. A tipsy weaver, passing by, visits them. He has with him his bolt of silk. The Inspector comes and would reject the weave of the woman. The tipsy weaver substitutes his own as hers. We are to infer that he will get his reward after the death of the fast-failing husband. We need not say that there are details to this little story that give it an interest that cannot be conveyed in a brief summary. The lace of My Lady's Dress requires a little play in Holland. Here we have another tone, that of comedy, and excellent comedy. In order to get rid of a rich, conceited, foppish suitor, who cares most for her money, and whom she does not like, the daughter of the proud old burgher takes the place of the old lace-maker in the court yard. Such a vision of loveliness selling laces at once engages the attention of the fop when he arrives. The scene that follows is witnessed by the father of the girl from a place of concealment. She thus gets rid of the unwelcomed suitor in some happy passages of comedy. The setting is very picturesque. The costumes in all these little plays add distinction and helpful novelty. The flowers for the dress come from the Whitechapel district in London. The characters and circumstances of this scene are sordid, but there is always a compensation that justifies such details. A crippled girl, finding that her sister requires a little more money to marry on, sacrifices her own golden curls to bring about the desired happiness, her own life holding out no hope of cheer. The next little play has to do with the furs for my lady's garment. The scene is in Siberia. The trapper, in his stockade, finds his wife in the arms of his trapper servant. He is told that the child he loves is not his own. A tragedy involving death would seem imminent, but the trapper controls himself, accepts his disillusionment, and departs, after bidding them to seek what satisfaction they can in their future life. The deceived trapper takes with him to the market the sable skin which he had laid aside for a cap for his boy. The next story brings us to the refinements of civilization, closer to the home of My Lady's Dress. We have the show rooms of a fashionable dressmaking establishment conducted by a man. We see the vanities and follies of the votaries of fashion. We see an old baronet who ogles the beautiful models who pass in review clad in the shining gowns, and who bargains with the proprietor for opportunities with his help. It ends in tragedy when one of the beautiful shop girls, in consequence of the intrigue against her, kills the proprietor.

White

MARY BOLAND
In "My Lady's Dress" at the Playhouse

Scenes in Edward Knoblauch's Play "My Lady's Dress" at the Playhouse

Viviane de Roincee Mary Boland Leon Quartermaine

Act I. Scene 1. Anne shows the new dress to her husband, who unbraids her for extravagance. He goes out, and falling asleep she dreams of all the dress has gone through in the making

Lucy Beaumont Leon Quartermaine S. J. Warmington Mary Boland

Scene 2. A peasant's house in Italy. Nina jilts the peddler Gioann for another. While she is absent for the marriage ceremony, he in revenge kills the crop of silk worms which are to be her marriage dowry

Eric Snowdon Mary Boland Leon Quartermaine

Scene 3. A weaver's cottage in Lyons. Nicolas is dying as he weaves the silk, and Joanny passes off his perfect work as that of the consumptive

Ina Rorke Fuller Mellish Mary Boland Leon Quartermaine

Act II. Scene 1. A garden in Holland. Antje dons a peasant's disguise to expose to her father the duplicity of an unwelcome suitor

Leon Quartermaine Mary Boland

Scene 2. A room in Whitechapel. The little crippled flower girl lets them shear her beautiful hair so her sister can have a swell wedding with plenty of beer

Leon Quartermaine Mary Boland

Scene 3. A trapper's stockade in Siberia. Ivan, an intellectual, has married a peasant who despises him when he won't kill her on discovery of her infidelity

Photos White Act III. Jacquelin's famous dressmaking establishment. The parade of the beautiful mannequins

Scene 2. The other side of the curtain. Jacquelin insults the mannequin and she defends herself by stabbing him with a pair of shears

Gerlach
GERALDINE FARRAR
As Tosca

Copyright Mishkin EMMY DESTINN
In "La Gioconda"

Gerlach FRIEDA HEMPEL

GRAND OPERA AT

THE season at the Metropolitan Opera House opened on November 16th last with Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," sung by the familiar artists, Caruso, Destinn, Hempel and Amato. Then in the first week "Carmen" was revived, and performances given of "Lohengrin," "Der Rosenkavalier," Puccini's "La Bohême" and Verdi's opera "Aida."

With the arrival of Signor Gatti-Casazza and the large majority of his important artists, the Metropolitan season assumed more definite shape. This diplomatic and conscientious general manager has slaved incessantly during the summer to keep in touch with his singers and to assemble them all so that the New York season might be carried out on exactly the lines projected before the outbreak of the war. This fact he has achieved, having secured the services of all of the familiar artists which were to be retained except Dinh Gilly, Algerian-French baritone, now is a prisoner of war in Bohemia, but whose release is expected. In order to bring back his cargo of opera stars, which he personally conducted to New York by way of Boston on an English boat, Gatti-Casazza had to secure the permission of the Italian, English, French and German governments.

The season's first big novelty will be Umberto Giordano's "Madame Sans Gêne," which will be given in January and which the composer will probably attend—if Italy's war attitude makes it possible. This will be the opera's first performance on any stage.

Weber's "Euryanthe," which has not been sung here in about a quarter of a century and is thus a novelty to the present generation of opera devotees, will be given in the fourth week of the season, conducted by Toscanini.

In March, Borodine's Russian opera, "Prince Igor," will be sung; and an important revival will be "Il Trovatore," led by Toscanini and equipped with entirely new scenery and with a star cast. Polacco will conduct a one-act novelty by Franco Leoni, called "L'Oracole," which is an operatic version of the well-known play, "The Cat and the Cherub," now playing at the Princess Theatre.

German opera will not in the least be discriminated against, Gatti-Casazza tells us, for in addition to the usual repertoire of Wagner work, there would be "Euryanthe" and "Fidelio" revivals, the latter to be conducted by Hertz. He also says that he feels it will be the most interesting season he has yet given here—it will be his seventh—because of the large variety of offerings.

So everything bodes well for New York's opera season. And we may congratulate ourselves on our much advertised lack of civilization which allows us

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JOHANNES SEMBACH
(New tenor)

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ENRICO CARUSO
In "Aida"

THE METROPOLITAN

to hear opera, while old and cultured Europe is listening to the roar of cannons and the noise of carnage.

At the Century Opera House, English popular grand opera has come to a close, the company having departed for a trip to Chicago and other cities. General excellence marked the closing performances, and a presentation of "Madam Butterfly" one night recently was one of the best performances ever given in English at this opera house. A newcomer in the cast was chiefly responsible for this, Helen Stanley filling the title rôle. She was a member of the Chicago company last season and has sung in New York ere this. But she shone in "Madam Butterfly" by her admirable dramatic work, her unusually clear diction and her charm of voice. Orville Harrold sang the lyric music of the rôle of Pinkerton beautifully, and Chalmers was praiseworthy as Sharpless, while Kathleen Howard was an acceptable Suzuki. Jacchia conducted finely.

"The Jewels of the Madonna" was also a fine, dramatic performance; so was "La Bohême" notable for its spirit, always remembering, however, that this is not Metropolitan opera. In "La Bohême" Helen Stanley made a very effective Mimi and Morgan Kingston was a lyric Rudolph. In the part of the philosopher Colline, Henry Weldon displayed his noble voice to good advantage, singing the famous "coat song" with compelling sentiment.

It is much, much better opera than was given at this institution last season, and it is a pity that such worthy offerings were not presented then, when public interest in English grand opera was at flood tide. Now that it has ebbed, it remains to be seen whether or not interest can be recalled. Unhappily, the present is not propitious for such experiments, but that is another story.

It's an old adage that what is one man's loss is another man's gain, and the same sentiment may be paraphrased to read that what is one country's artistic loss is another country's artistic gain. This applies to nothing so much as to music just at present, for the appalling European war situation has driven most artists out of their European realm to this country, where there is still a field for art that is not beleagured by cannons or made hideous by shrapnel.

In former years the opening of the Metropolitan opera season marked the real beginning of the music season; but this year there is such a wealth of artists to be heard, and such an avalanche of concerts scheduled, that the week has scarcely enough days and evenings, the city barely enough halls to accommodate them all. A great many artists had arranged in advance to give the United States the benefit of their artistic services, but a vast horde who had selected Europe as

MELANI KURT
(New dramatic soprano)

their artistic field of attack this year have been driven here by the war.

And while this is no war column, it may well be the place to voice a sentiment in favor of these artists who have forsaken the field of carnage for this country. They have been called unpatriotic by some, yet that seems to be a flash opinion and a very biased judgment. Probably the least thing an artist is capable of is fighting; and as art knows no geographical boundaries, is it not true that the art of a great musician belongs not to his particular people or country, but to the world? This judgment obtains in times of peace, so why not in times of war? If Europe wars, why not let America gain by art? So bring your wares to this country, and if your wares be artistically fine grained enough, you will find a good market for them.

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JOHN McCORMACK

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LEO SLEZAK

To return to our music: Thus far no feeling of bigoted sentiment has entered into the matter of concerts here. Both of our important local orchestras, the Philharmonic and the New York Symphony Society are composed of nearly all races, and before beginning their rehearsals conductors Stransky and Damrosch invoked a spirit of neutrality, imploring the musicians of their respective orchestras to remember that they were assembled in the name of art and not for the purposes of war discussions. Further proofs of practicing what they preached were evidenced by the conductors' arrangements of their initial programmes, the utmost catholicity prevailing, German, French, Russian, Bohemian and Austrian composers being assembled on single programmes. No symptom of bias has thus far entered into the spirit of concert giving. And while it is easy to imagine that in the breasts of many of these foreign musicians there beats a bleeding heart, or rages an unquenchable racial hatred, yet outwardly there reigns harmony.

ELENA GERHARDT
Soloist with New York Symphony Orchestra

Walter Damrosch and his orchestra began the symphony season, and it must be admitted that this Symphony Society of New York has seldom played better than it did at the opening concert. In the matter of spirit, it seemed as though new life had been breathed into this estimable orchestra. The solo work of the various men was commendable, particularly in the wood wind group, while the balance of the choirs in ensemble playing was excellent. In the matter of clarity there were moments when this much desired quality left a great deal to be desired.

The symphony performed was Brahm's second, and the wonderful Adagio was played with a fine appreciation for its beauties. The programme's novelty was "Le Festin de l'Araignée," this title being translated as "The Feast of the Spider," composed by A. Roussel, a French composer and a pupil of Vincent d'Indy. Originally it was a ballet, and produced in Paris a year ago. It is decidedly impressionistic, depicting a lovely garden wherein a spider has woven his web into which flutters the butterfly and there meeting death. But as the butterfly dies the ephemera, or May fly, is born and lives its brief span of life. Other insect life is introduced, too, the ants appearing and groaning under the weight of a rose petal which they are endeavoring to drag away. The music, in its present form as a tone poem suffers from lack of obvious action which must have marked it when produced as a ballet. It was decidedly Debussyesque in harmonic structure, save a rather banal waltz theme, the latter supposedly indicative of the dancing butterfly. There were moments in the work when cleverness of orchestration made appeal to the ear seeking new tonal effects, but as a whole it was scarcely a noteworthy novelty. Following directly upon the hee's of this was Debussy's Second Nocturne, entitled "Revels By Night," this rather the memories of the foregoing "Feast of the Spider."

The soloist was Efrem Zimbalist, serious and eminent Russian violinist, who played Bruch's G minor concerto, played it with nobility and with warm sentiment, displaying a tone while lovely was not always as deep and round as may have been wished for. But what atoned for any possible disappointments in sweeping bigness of tone was this artist's nobility of interpretation. Walter Damrosch conducted both solo numbers and accompaniment with authority and good results.

Of the Philharmonic's first concert not quite so many laudable things may honestly be written. It was the beginning of this orchestra's seventy-third season, and it was the fourth year that Josef Stransky has officiated as its conductor. There was no soloist on this occasion, and the programme was catholic in its make up, beginning with Dvorak's Symphony "From the New World," in which the Largo was finely played, while the Scherzo and Finale both suffered from rhythmic unevenness. The novelty was called "Fireworks," composed by a young Russian, Strawinsky, who wrote it to

(*Continued on page* 298)

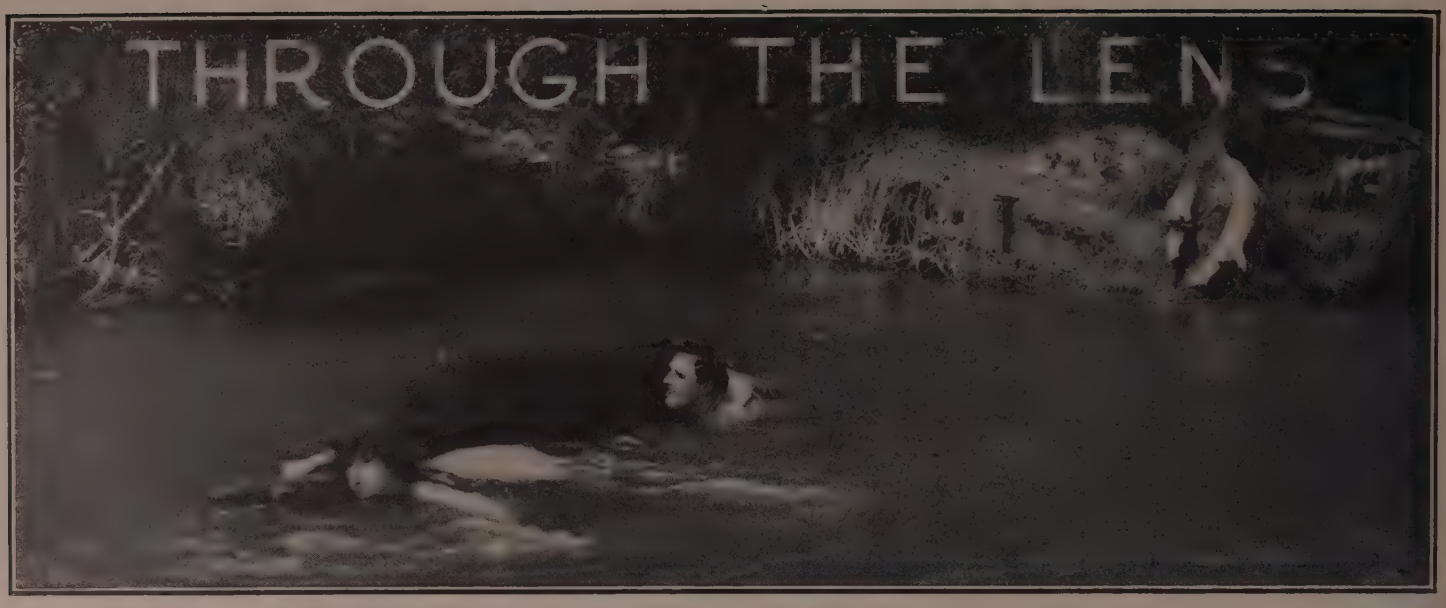
Copyright Kajiwara
MARIE CASLOVA
(Violinist)

FELICE LYNE
(Prima Donna)

Sarony

Sincerely yours
Nimino Addison

THROUGH THE LENS



BEATRIZ MICHELENA AND HOUSE PETERS IN THE FILM VERSION OF "SALOMY JANE"

PARODOXICALLY, the broadness of the photoplay field is its most effective limitation. Just a few facts are needed for an understanding of why this is so and why it still pays to grind out very ordinary stories.

Floyd MARY FULLER
(Universal)

When the commercial possibilities of pictures first became evident, the strongest companies in America formed a monopolistic alliance, whose high-handed methods went unchecked until other combinations presented a successful opposition and suit was brought under the Sherman Anti-Trust law. In the heyday of their power the Trust allowed an exhibitor no say at all in selecting his program, nor would it sanction the showing of any film produced by a company without the fold. A certain number of pictures were ordered for a theatre each week, and they were delivered as per contract. The ideal production was that which most nearly suited the taste of the great bulk of patrons. The business was developed on lines adapted to a world market, and a picture should never pass over the heads of any audience.

The question of deciding what the public wants has caused theatrical producers, newspaper and magazine editors, and others whose livelihood depends on a correct answer, many an uneasy hour. The companies engaged in a monopolistic alliance discounted the uncertainty of public judgment. They found a readiness to accept pictures and arranged the system of supply so skillfully that the only choice lay between taking what was furnished or nothing. The taste of these audiences, these universal audiences, was estimated with sufficient correctness, no doubt, to tend toward simple love stories, melodrama and slap-stick burlesque. That, at least, is what they received, that is, what they still receive from the old-line companies since supplemented by new organizations, whose distribution departments are modeled on the same plan. The only difference is that now an exhibitor has the privilege of selecting what he considers the best of the day's supply. It is something like examining a basket of lemons and picking out the ripest ones.

Finally the power of the Trust was broken and free competition promised better things. But thus far competition has not broadened the scope of screen stories on the regular programs. Three well-known film-makers are using the same type of entertainment to catch the world market, the nucleus of which is the cheap theatre with flamboyant announcements such as one finds in the poorer sections of every city. When a producer meets a criticism of his picture with the familiar reply, "I don't care for it myself, but it's what the people want," he has in mind the people one meets in such houses. Almost without exception the men who outline the policies of pioneer companies are men of pronounced business ability.

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ANITA STEWART
(Vitagraph)

How important the European market has become (barring the conditions brought about by the war) is indicated by the recent abandonment of pictures bearing on American holidays, such as the Fourth of July and Decoration Day. The net-work of exchanges, the arteries of the system, probably carry films to twenty-five exhibitors that want a slap-stick melodramatic program to one that may appreciate something more delicate, therefore it is the part of wisdom to produce slap-stick and melodrama, whereas it would be a financial error to expend money on subjects of a more limited appeal. Purveyors of international entertainment have discovered among other things that all children and many adults, irrespective of racial prejudices, will laugh at the spectacle of a man rolling downstairs. They will laugh harder if his trousers are baggy and his coat is cut off at the waist.

Never going above anybody's head has this result. Theatre managers (they are becoming more numerous) who aim to catch the fancy of a distinct class of patrons, must select one-reel pictures, if they use them, from an assortment designed for all countries and all ages and conditions

WILLIAM FARNUM IN THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM, "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

Marcus rescues Mercia
SCENE IN THE FAMOUS PLAYERS FILM, "THE SIGN OF THE CROSS"

Hall
LOTTIE BRISCOE
(Lubin)

White
MARGUERITE CLARK
(Paramount)

of men. That is why the screens on Second Avenue and the screens on Broadway tell the same tales. Second Avenues outnumber Broadways on the film men's books, therefore, Second Avenue gauges the standard.

But new blood is entering the profession of making motion pictures—men of artistic taste and well versed in the traditions of the stage have been attracted to the business, and with them has come a very important difference in artistic viewpoint. They are aiming to please exacting audiences, which is quite unlike aiming to please everybody. Up to the present time photoplays have suffered from a commercial system, beside which the commercialism of the stage is puny. It still limits the regular programs to banalities, but the second phase of photoplay metamorphosis bids fair to recognize dissimilarity in taste and education.

Combination seems to be inevitable, and the producers stepping out of the rut are by no means walking single-handed with an unselfish love of art for their guide. They, too, are building a strong system, a world market, but success depends upon developing a clientèle that has advanced beyond childish credulity. They are not hampered by the traditions of the nickel theatre. We do not mean that all of the earlier companies are without artistic directors, capable of original work, but it may be said with truth that practically all such directors are engaged in special feature production, whereas the regular program that pays most of the dividends is machine-made from the time the staff writer jots down a hackneyed plot until the director stages the final scene.

One midnight early in October an invited audience gathered in a Broadway theatre for a private showing of a picture produced by Lois Weber, a gifted woman thoroughly experienced in the technical requirements of photoplays. The manager of the theatre carefully explained that he had not accepted the picture for public showing, and altogether succeeded in giving the impression that he did not wish to be regarded as sponsor for anything so daring, and, perhaps—for he intimated as much—shocking. Unlike theatrical managers motion picture exhibitors guard against startling their patrons by unexpected themes. Possibly the film in question has been released for circulation before this, but quite as likely it is being held for a day when the ultra-conservative spirit has passed.

It is called "Hypocrites," and developed in the spirit of a morality play; the picture is distinguished by imagination in the conception, truth in its characterizations, aptness in its challenge to the smug complacency of present-day institutions and beauty in an atmospheric production utilizing every device of advanced photography. The central idea is that of Naked Truth, the statue of an innocent girl chiseled by a monk, coming to life and holding a mirror to the fraudulent righteousness of twentieth century civilization. Fashionable society folk, Christians in church of a Sunday, politicians expounding the cause of the masses, are met and exposed by Naked Truth. There is a wealth of significant detail in this story, and throughout it shows marked originality uncurbed by accepted notions of what the public wants.

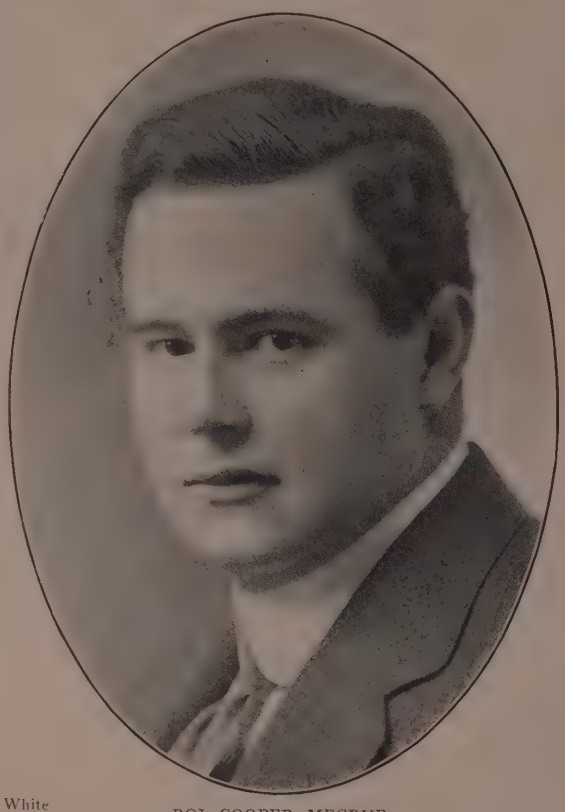
THE SIEGE OF THE CASTRO ROOF IN "THE ROSE OF THE RANCHO"

Another production that hits hard, though in a totally different way, is the American Company's adaptation of Brieux's play, "Damaged Goods," with Richard Bennett acting George Dupont Here we find an argumentative drama so

(Continued on page 297)

Roi Cooper Megrue—the Boy with Two Plays on Broadway

HE is a fat boy, but I say it not in derision. He is no such fat boy as the one of Dickens' creation. No one has ever been moved to profanity by his slumbrous habits. I should say he doesn't know how to sleep. Certainly no one has ever found it difficult to keep him awake. After days in an office he spent the nights in playwriting, with the result that he is the author of two successful plays appearing on Broadway, "Under Cover" and "It Pays to Advertise." Mr. Megrue is a plump young man with the merry eyes of one of mirthful bent and the alert gaze of a wide-awake intellect. Have you ever visited a baby show? You have been attracted, not by the prettiest baby, but by the woman who looked most thoroughly alive to the history-making about him. That Megrue baby belonged to that sort. He has never gotten out of the class. He says that is the way to write plays—get them out of what is going on around you. He has learned playwriting also from having horrible examples placed before him for his intellectual consumption or rejection. Is the adjective a severe one? Then let us say futile plays, weak plays, hopeless plays. It is a discouraging mass to confront one at the beginning of a day's work. It was the kind of mass that Roi Cooper Megrue faced for eleven years. For eleven years he has been a play-reader in Elizabeth Marbury's office. He has read more than 2,000 plays. He has learned at least one lesson—what not to do.



White

ROI COOPER MEGRUE
Author of "Under Cover" and "It Pays to Advertise"

He sat at the desk in his room in Miss Marbury's offices while we talked of his plays and others, the same desk over which those two thousand outputs had gone to their fate of production or oblivion.

"What proportion of the plays that are written are good?"

"Five per cent.," he replied in the tone of conviction, "and some of them are not very good. The other ninety-five per cent are absolutely hopeless."

"What are their chief faults?"

"That the person who attempts them knows absolutely nothing about the stage. You have to learn something of every other job, but not about playwriting, or so those who write the ninety-five per cent. think. In consequence, their attempts are as the earth was reported to have been in the beginning, without form and void."

"What have you learned about plays from these failures?"

"That you must write of something that is going on about us. There is a weekly paper published in Philadelphia that is singularly successful in that respect. It is as though it sent representatives to ride on railway trains, and sit beside the men of to-day, smoking and exchanging stories, to find out what they are thinking about. It builds entertaining stories about what is being thought about. That, I think, is the right theory of playwriting. A play may spring from the most trivial incident, but you recognize the incident on which you may build a play when you see or hear it, if your mind is open to catch it." Recall my comparison with the open-eyed star of the baby show?

"Take, for instance, 'Under Cover.' I have been irritated many times and out of all proportion to its importance by the custom of a prominent hotel of roping in space and barring out persons. I have wondered as I have stood and looked over those ropes what would happen if a man of consequence in the hotel world, say the late George Rector, appeared and announced his name. How quickly those ropes would fall! That gave me the idea of R. J. in 'Under Cover.' While I was automobiling with my mother in France we had an accident that damaged the car. When I returned I met a man representing the company and asked him what he thought a reasonable sum for settlement. 'If you think that sum covers the damage all right I'll pay it,' I said. He seemed to think it so remarkable that anyone would pay a bill without protesting it that he grew chummy and stopped to talk. He told me I had no idea how many women played bridge, got in debt, and pawned their jewels, and then demanded money from the burglar insurance company. He told me of one woman who lives on Riverside Drive who demanded money for presumably lost jewels. When the representative said, 'Very well, but as a business precaution we must search the pawnshops,' she fainted. When she recovered she begged him to do nothing more about the jewels. She admitted having pawned them because she owed bridge debts, and told him she had four or five friends who had worked the game successfully. There was another point for a play. In the course of a magazine article by Wm. J. Burns, which I read a year ago, I saw the statement that it was the habit of some inspectors to let some rich woman pass and say, 'It's all right. We'll follow her home, tell her we know some of the dutiable goods weren't declared, and she'll pay to keep us quiet.' There I had more new material, and a reason for one of the best characters in the play, the grafting inspector.

"A curious case that gave me an idea for a character in 'It Pays to Advertise' was that of a man whose name everybody in New York knows through the papers. He is a self-made man and he worked tremendously hard in the making. He had a son who wanted to go to work, but his father wouldn't let him. He said he had had a mighty hard time getting on and he didn't want his son to go through what he had. He refused to give the boy work in his offices or in any of the lines of business in which he was interested, and the boy went out and got work for himself. His father had him discharged. That happened four times. The father would go quietly to the boy's employer and say, 'I don't want him to work. Oblige me by letting him out.' They did, and the fellow became utterly discouraged. Not knowing the reason, for he had applied himself to his successive jobs, had been interested in them and worked hard, he gave up. To-day he is an idler, as his father wishes him to be. I didn't dare put that into a play. People wouldn't have believed it, although it gave me an idea for the type of man of the son in 'It Pays to Advertise.' That is another thing I learned about plays. It isn't enough that a thing is true; people who see the play must know that it is true or recognize its probability.

"But I learned more by standing at the backs of theatres and watching audiences than I ever learned at this desk. An audience is the most fascinating of studies. There are so many things that are true about it, but you don't know why. For instance, when an audience laughs it rocks back and forth in the chairs. When it is saddened, it moves from one side to another.

"Whatever amuses one audience is likely to amuse another. The difference between them is rather

(Continued on page 299)

Sarony

LAURA HOPE CREWS

Playing the leading feminine rôle in "The Phantom Rival" at the Belasco

Why I Gave Up Shakespeare For Character Roles

By WALKER WHITESIDE

Marceau

WALKER WHITESIDE
Now appearing in the title rôle of "Mr. Wu"

"WHY did you do it?" It is a question concerning my departure from Shakespearean rôles to "character" parts that has been frequently put to me since my appearance in "The Melting Pot." Until now I have managed to evade giving my reasons, or I have answered with silence. To those who have been kind enough to interest themselves in the change my attitude may have seemed puzzling, but no other course appeared logical to me; indeed, none other seemed fair to my questioners.

Allow me to state my reasons. Suppose we visit an art gallery to judge some particular canvas. What do we do? If our interest is deep we balance our viewpoint by assuming various perspectives. We stand close up, then move back and to the right and left. We shift our position until we discover the vantage point, the point from which we can best estimate the picture's quality, its technique, its full effect. Only thus can we mould our opinion and equip ourselves to express an intelligent valuation of the painter's work.

So have I treated my "new" line of endeavor. I say "new" line of endeavor, but, as a matter of fact, I have played character parts before "The Melting Pot" was produced. But of that we shall speak later on; first, I shall try to answer the question in hand.

In order to be able to explain why I made the transition I had first to critically examine my work in character parts. I had to judge my own ability, so to speak, and I could only do that retrospectively by looking back and weighing what I had done in such parts against what I hoped to accomplish. If, for instance, I had said when "The Melting Pot" was first produced: "I have made the change because I want to portray some of the elemental emotions that can best be delineated in character rôles." I would have explained my reason in part, but undoubtedly I would have been asked: "Then what other rôles do you contemplate playing after 'The Melting Pot?'"

The question would have floored me; I would have been up against a blank wall, for I had to give my entire time and best efforts to the interpretation of Mr. Zangwill's play, trusting to the future to provide the opportunity for work along the same general line. I "felt" the type of character I wanted to portray, but to clearly define that type would have required not only a superhuman power to foresee the future product of dramatists, but also the ability to transmit to others an opinion which was still in a state of formation. I was sizing my canvas and laying on the first strokes. Meanwhile, mentally I was shifting my position to get the best view of my work, so that I could bring it into harmony with my ultimate aims. Those aims I could not lucidly outline because they depended so largely upon the material, the pigments I might call them, that time would offer.

This faith in the future taking care of itself was justified in the opportunities that came to me in my second character play, "The Typhoon," and in my present vehicle, "Mr. Wu." It has been via these opportunities that I have arrived at the vantage point where I can look back and critically survey what I have done in the way of unusual characterizations and say, "This gives an idea of what I started out to do, of what I am striving to accomplish."

Presenting a picture of what I am trying to do answers the question in part, but it still leaves unanswered that phase of the query of why I foresook Shakespeare at all, why I chose any medium other than the works of Stratford's immortal bard. My reply is that in such things what sometimes appears to be a matter of choice upon the part of the player is in reality none of his making. And in saying that I am not preparing to hide behind the hackneyed defense that "Shakespeare spells ruin." I produced Shakespeare for eight years and lived, and the actor who possesses the least vestige of sincerity asks no more of his art.

No; there was another reason for the change, and that reason I can give in two words—the public. Anticipating the argument, "But the public wants Shakespeare," I will tell just how I found that want expressed. In the cities large enough to warrant an engagement of three nights, a week or two weeks the public demands its Shakespeare in "broken doses." In other words, a different play must be presented every night or the receipts will not cover the expenses. One or two possible reasons may be advanced for this attitude on the part of the theatre-going public. Either each play has its group of admirers large enough only to support but one performance, or the Shakespeare actor's following wants to witness his portrayal of a different rôle every time they go to see him.

Either reason is logical, and yet either may be wrong. It is difficult to judge such things from behind the footlights. But, whether the reasons offered are right or wrong does not alter the effects upon the player's work of having to appear in a different part at every performance. In the exuberance of youth I fondly imagined that I could play a different Shakespearean rôle every night and do each part full justice—give my very best to its interpretation. I might even confess that I have never wholly relinquished that opinion. My love for Shakespeare is so profound that I cannot help feeling that the inspiration to be gotten from the master's work should enable one to surmount any material obstacle. And that is where the difficulty lies. The

Photos White

No. 1. Walker Whiteside and Antoinette Walker. Act I. Mr. Wu discovers his daughter's secret. No. 2. E. J. Ratcliffe and Walker Whiteside. Act II. Wu outwits Mr. Gregory. No. 3. Deirdre Doyle and Walker Whiteside. Act III. Mrs. Gregory in Wu's power. No. 4. Deirdre Doyle and Walker Whiteside. Act III. Wu discovers that he has drunk the poisoned tea. No. 5. Deirdre Doyle and Walker Whiteside. Act III. Wu a victim of his own plot.

SCENES IN "MR. WU" NOW BEING PRESENTED AT MAXINE ELLIOTT'S THEATRE

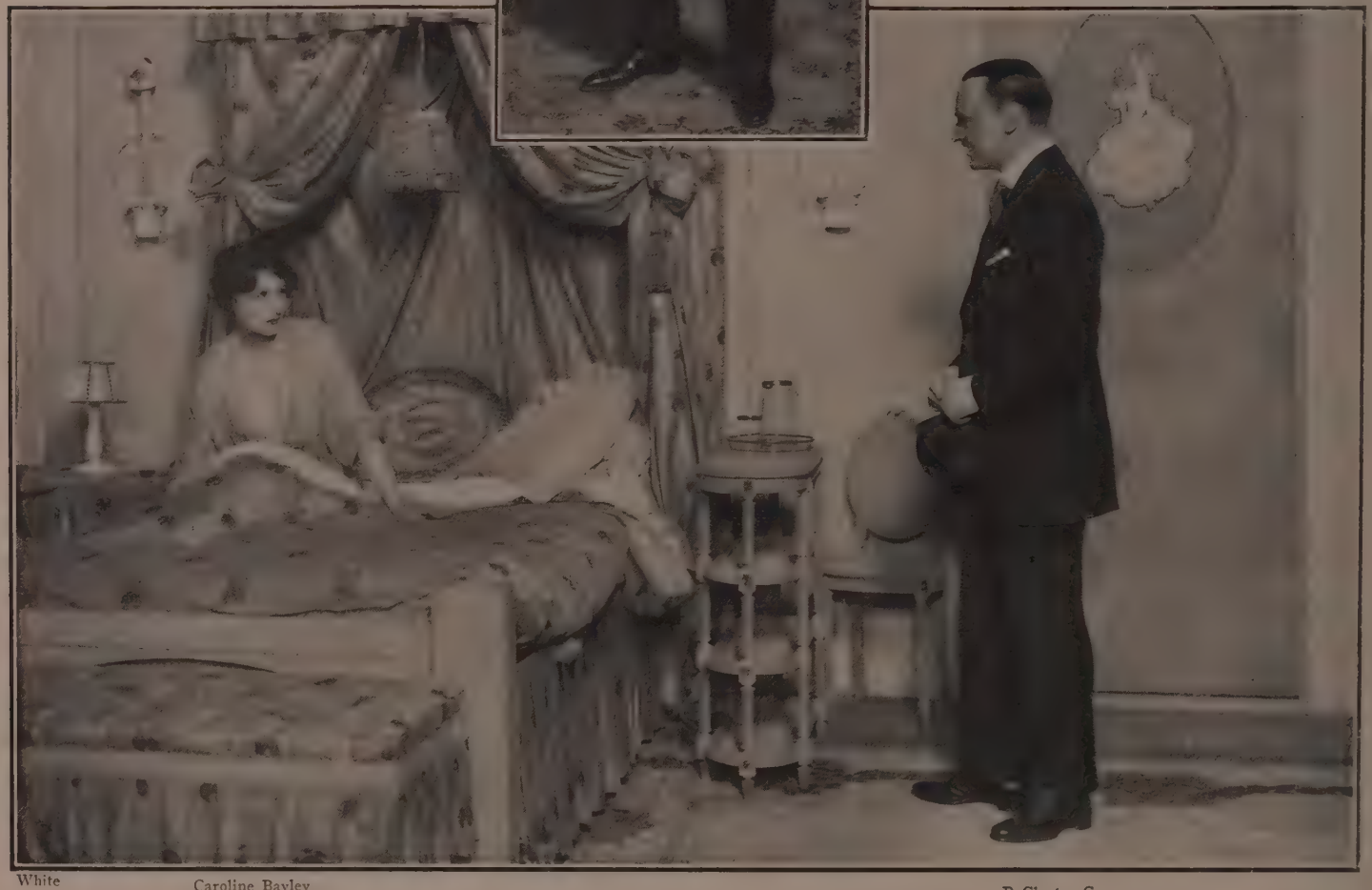
spirit is eager where the flesh fails. A solution of the problem would be at hand if the public were content with seeing their Shakespearean favorite in minor rôles. Unfortunately, it is not—at least, I found that the modest following I was able to build up demanded that I assume a leading rôle in

The amount of work—of physical labor—that this entailed was almost overwhelming. As time passed the physical strain became so great that I found myself unconsciously relying upon the mechanics of acting for my effects. There were times when I would finish a performance with the conviction that bodily fatigue had so affected the power to exercise my own will that I had unwittingly "walked" through my part. What during the play had seemed to be inspiration was largely the feverish excitement induced by overtaxed vitality. That was the conviction I reluctantly had to face when the curtain fell and I reviewed my effort.

Of course, that was by no means true of every performance I gave. I tried in every way to conserve my strength so that I could

Fear of that sort is fatal. We must have self-confidence or we cannot progress. Every player knows there are certain mechanical means for producing a stage effect, and that these means may be used to create practically the same impression that would otherwise require study, concentration and inspiration, words which, in the lexicon of the theatre, are synonymous with work. No conscientious player will deign to employ such means save in those instances where the requirements of a part necessitate husbanding one's strength so that the full value

The average theatregoer may not discern these stage mechanics; sometimes they are obscured by the composite efforts in a performance. But the player knows them, and if he is ambitious he refuses to rely upon them. I confess to being ambitious—if a legitimate desire needs confession!—and when I found the physical demands of my endeavors affecting the quality of my work, I set about to overcome the difficulty. To continue as I was going meant artistic failure, and that, it seems hardly necessary to



White Caroline Bayley

Act II. Captain Bagnal (Mr. Greene): "What are you doing in my bed?" P. Clayton Greene

(Inset) Kenneth Douglas as Sam Thornhill

SCENES IN CYRIL HARCOURT'S COMEDY, "A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS," AT THE LITTLE THEATRE

give the public my best, but eventually enthusiasm would get the upper hand of discretion. My vacations were periods of complete rest and recuperation, and I would start each new season with what seemed an inexhaustible supply of energy and strength. I would fling myself into my work with the feeling that my vitality was limitless, and not until I had liberally drawn upon what Professor James called the "reserve reservoir" would I acknowledge that there was a limit to my powers of endurance. Then I would live in constant fear of slighting my work, of unconsciously playing in the easiest way, of substituting stage "tricks" for actual effort.

add, was a possibility that I refused absolutely to entertain.

You who sit out in front and see only the performance of a play may express surprise that its presentation should overtax the player's strength. I remember a remark once made by a woman who had witnessed my production of "Richard III." "I should love to be a player," she said. "It seems such natural, easy work, and yet it is so inspiring. Playing just a few hours each evening must give you a great deal of time for doing lots of other things."

There is time for "other things," but those things are related to the work that the audience

(Continued on page 295)

Floyd

FRANK TINNEY

Exterior of the Colonial Theatre, one of the most popular vaudeville houses of New York (Inset) Fannie Brice

White

AL JOLSON

Browsing for Vaudeville Talent

UP in the Bronx, in New York (which might be a thousand miles from the trail of theatrical fame), there is a theatre where more than one distinguished Broadway comedian has tried his luck with a vaudeville audience.

One of the very finest comedians in musical comedy consented to appear at this theatre one night after his own performance on Broadway. It was his first attempt to entertain a vaudeville audience. His nervousness, and his failure, was the talk of the Rialto the next day. After this experience, the man said that $5,000 a week would not pay him for the ordeal he went through as a vaudeville entertainer.

The vaudeville act is a thing of mystery to some of the most talented, the most brilliant performers. They wonder at the success of head-liners whose names are frequently unknown to any other but vaudeville audiences. There are many considerations to be accounted for in a vaudeville success which have already been well analyzed, but the man who does the "browsing" for vaudeville talent is unknown. Like the beaver of priceless coat and industry, he modestly plies his trade in the vaudeville business. The public never hears of him. Even the profession does not give him his due, and yet, to his energy, his courage and his sixth-vaudeville-sense many headliners owe their fortunes and their fame. Much of the glory that is theirs is painted upon them by his showman's skill. He should share the applause of the public, even as the bill-poster should, too.

The vaudeville browser is responsible for the new "star" that flashes triumphantly every few months in the vaudeville firmament. Usually it flashes brighter than all the rest.

Where do these new "stars" come from?

"The fact is," said a browsing agent, "that the vaudeville performer is much more versatile than the average actor. He has to be. He has no one to rely upon but himself. His performance stands or falls on its merits. In vaudeville, the entertainer makes his appeal—alone. His first entrance must count. He must, in the vernacular of the variety stage, get his audience."

That is why it has been the custom among some of the big managers to look for the unexpected. In the Bronx theatre, the surprise act is given one night of each week. Very often it is one of the "stars" appearing on Broadway in a musical comedy. It is scarcely safe to rely upon the opinion of the audience of a surprise act. An amusing incident happened at one of the smaller vaudeville theatres on amateur night which justifies this. A celebrated comedian appeared among the performers who risk the ignominy of the "hook." He was hissed off the stage. Having a sense of humor himself, he hurriedly took off his make-up and reappeared before the audience, who recognized him at once as a Broadway favorite.

However, it is the "surprise act" which the man who is browsing for vaudeville is looking for. He finds them in New York, struggling for a hearing; he finds them in the back rooms of saloons entertaining the loafers; he finds them in the tank-towns, the villages, the small, out-of-the-way concert halls South and West. The vaudeville scout browsing for talent is often directly in the employ of the big vaudeville booking offices; more often he is an adventurer in search of his own managerial success. His experiences, usually adventurous, are often romantic.

Ward Baker, whom we have all heard in vaudeville, was discovered by an agent browsing for vaudeville in the streets of New York. Baker, after having exhausted his resources to secure a musical education in Europe, came back to America, to find that there was no room for him. He tried to get a hearing of any kind in the New York theatres, but failed. Finally, in desperation, he took his fiddle and played in the streets of the city. Months and months, he did this persistently day by day. A vaudeville scout chanced to pass a street corner where he was playing, and recognized that he was a genuine artist. He offered him a substantial salary, which he at once gratefully accepted.

Probably there is no more appealing, warming, vaudeville act than the delightful singing of Willa Holt Wakefield, whose personal success, although not due entirely to a vaudeville scout, was the result of an appreciative Browser. She had been an entertainer for church affairs and social gatherings in the South, and, like all ambitious Southern women, she came to New York. After a few successful engagements through a Lecture Bureau, some friends induced her to engage a theatre, to perpetrate the fatal act of a special matinée. She chanced to meet Tim Hearst, of baseball fame, about this time. Although he did his best to discourage this performance, he failed to do so. It was disastrous financially, as he expected. His faith in her, however, induced him to go to Mr. Albee, a power in the one-time Proctor and Keith circuit, and ask a booking. Being received with little encouragement, he said to Albee:

"If you give this woman a booking, and she fails, I will give you $250; but if she succeeds, you will give her a blanket contract over your entire circuit for $250 a week. Is it a go?"

That is how Willa Holt Wakefield got her first chance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in New York. Her success is an old story.

The triumph of Belle Story's singing is one of the records of

the surprise act. Born in Pittsburgh, where her father had a church, her voice had been trained for the church choir. Being ambitious, she came to New York to try her chance on the vaudeville stage as a ballad singer. The usual experiences of the unknown confronted her, and she could not get a hearing. At a matinée in Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre she found herself in the audience listening to the singing of Adele Ritchie. In a spirit of fun she joined her in the chorus of the song. She received an ovation from the audience for her beautiful voice, and before she left the theatre a vaudeville scout had made her an offer.

Oscar Hammerstein, the renowned explorer in the realm of unknowns, received a wireless one day from a vaudeville scout who had been browsing along Fourteenth Street. It summoned him to Huber's Dime Museum, where an unknown charmer, billed as Princess Rajah, was enchanting a trained snake with her beauty and her dancing. The peerless princess, who was playing anywhere from eight to twenty shows a day, was instantly engaged by Mr. Hammerstein for the Victoria Theatre, where she furnished one of the genuine sensations of vaudeville for over fifteen weeks. This had been the record run up to that time. To-day she is considered one of the world's Big Acts.

From the West, where she had been a great favorite as a ragtime singer, came Billie Seaton to New York. To her amazement and surprise, nobody knew her. Worse still, nobody cared to know her. She joined the haunting army of vaudeville aspirants who travelled wearily through the agents' offices without so much as a smile from them to cheer her on. Not even the cheap vaudeville theatre would engage her. Finally she offered to give her services in one of the moving picture houses free of charge, for the chance to appear in New York. It was a very obscure theatre, probably unheard of by the United Booking Office. But the browsing vaudeville agent is everywhere. He found her, gave her an engagement, and she is one of the greatest successes in vaudeville.

Percy Williams, famous and fortunate as a vaudeville manager, was speeding gaily homeward through the east side streets of New York in his high-powered motor-car, when something went wrong with the machinery and he broke down. While the repair was being made he heard a man singing in a cheap moving picture theatre. It was in a tenement district and was a surprise act. He went in, and the following week the singer, Cesari Nesi, was getting $500 a week in one of his theatres. Every vaudeville manager is a "browser" at heart.

ALICE NIELSEN
Well-known soprano who is now appearing in concert

It was on the east side that Happy Fannie Brice, the coon singer, was discovered by a vaudeville scout singing in the streets. Often, as these discoveries have been made in the abject surroundings of poverty, your true artist forgets the despair of circumstance in the grandeur of his art. Once a matinée hero, Donald Brian, sang in the streets for coppers and silver. Some years ago, in the obscurity of his early genius, he was playing with a company in Michigan without funds. The manager, being called away at the inconvenient time when salaries were due, inconsiderably neglected to get them out of town. It was necessary for them to get to a real city, which in this case happened to be Detroit. By fate, not design, it happened to be Christmas Eve, and Donald Brian, with other members of the company, entertained the villagers with Christmas carols on the street corner. They put their hats, business end up, on the pavement in front of them, and listened to the jingle of the coins that were tossed into them by an appreciative and sympathetic audience. They not only made enough to get to Detroit, but enough to reach New York.

The vaudeville scout has little respect for the average artistic opinion of the average audience. He made a test once of the much-boasted discernment of New Yorkers in this respect. He induced Madame Trentini to put on shabby clothes, to enter a hotel café, and to sing for the well-dressed ladies and gentlemen assembled there for their modest evening meal. She was promptly put out. And yet, no doubt, many of the ladies and gentlemen in the café paid $2 to hear her sing that night. Al Jolson, the "black fireworks" of Winter Garden fame, was discovered by a vaudeville scout, who got lost in Yonkers one night. He was singing there, with the utmost temperamental effort, to an audience of Arcadians on the Hudson. He immediately signed up Jolson at a large salary.

Grand Opera tenors, whose romantic careers are obviously unavoidable, have frequently been

(*Continued on page 295*)

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GROUP OF CHORUS GIRLS IN "ADELE" SHOWING EXPENSIVE COSTUMES WORN

Each of the above dresses worn by the chorus in "Adele" cost from $300 to $500, making a total outlay of $10,000 for the chorus alone

STAGE CLOTHES

MILADY'S escort at the play leans slightly forward in his seat. The chorus and principals throng the stage for the first act's *finale*. Framed by the proscenium arch is unfolded a constantly shifting picture of myriad colors, of gorgeous fabrics, of beautiful furs and glittering spangles, of exquisite plumage and resplendent trappings. For a moment, his mind, bewildered by the luxuriance of the scene, Mr. Mere Man gazes quizzically. Then he turns to his companion.

"They say," he whispers, "that is cost forty thousand to costume this piece—think of it!"

Milady smiles. How like a man to think only of the cost and overlook the style! She herself is more interested in the fashion notes sounded by the women's costumes. That unusual pointed tunic the star is wearing, for instance. Is that to be the season's mode? It probably is, for the program says her costumes were designed and made by a modiste world-famed for innovations. And the ingenue's frock of rose petal chiffon blended with midnight blue velvet. Is that to be one of the season's color combinations? Undoubtedly, for the program announces that it originated in one of Fifth Avenue's leading ateliers. Milady smiles. After all, it is natural for her companion to overlook the fashions of the costumes and think only of their cost. What does he know of the mysteries of a bodice or the secrets of a flounce?

To the male theatregoer, the present-day extravagance in stage productions is always a matter of interest. Dollars and cents never fail to make a strong appeal to the masculine mind and though the color *ensemble* appeals to him first, his interest in the capital involved is by no means slight. With the woman theatregoer it is different. It is the style of the gowns worn by the actresses rather than what they cost that compels her eager attention. From the feminine point of view, the gowns displayed in a new Broadway production constitute a liberal education—in dress. It is an instinct with most women to try to look their "best." It is the penalty and the pleasure of the sex. Fashion is woman's one serious rivalry, and the theatrical manager, dealing always in the elemental conditions, finds himself the victim of a demand he is powerless to resist.

The clever manager meets this situation without counting the cost. Otherwise, he fails. American audiences will no longer stand for imitations in stage clothes. Home fashions may be faked, but stage fashions must be real. That constitutes an unwritten guarantee which Milady pays for through the box-office window. An actress's gowns may be classified as part and parcel of her tools of trade, like the carpenter's kit or the surgeon's case of instruments. They are part of the means to the end she seeks.

In the stock companies, where the players provide their own clothes, a wardrobe is an arbitrary investment. Even to-day the stock company has not overcome these conditions. Quite often the leading lady's "modern gowns" are a potent attraction measured in matinée patronage in feminine interest. This is especially true of stock companies in the smaller American cities, or more or less remote from the influence of the world's fashion centres. The leading lady is looked to for the latest style products of London, Paris and New York.

Stage clothes have become an inspiration and a guide to women. During the coming season, as the procession of plays and musical productions wend their way across the country, American women will enjoy a veritable sartorial feast. Some of them, undoubtedly, will wonder where this display of fashion comes from, how the gowns are made, who designed them. Sandwiched in between the war news, the cables have carried messages explaining that the European conflict would seriously interfere with the importation of fashions from the old world style centres. But the resourcefulness of America's leading women may be depended upon to find some way out of the difficulty. We are assured that the stage this year will show us wardrobes as varied and luxurious as ever.

The actress's clothes as she appears before the public represents the last word in fashion. Frequently they precede the fashions. But to go back to the question of where stage clothes come from, they are the product of the most famous experts in the art of adorning beautiful women. The expense of costuming his companies is one of the burdens of the theatrical manager. He is constantly on the alert for the most beautiful gowns, and that, of course, means the most expensive. Most of the leading managers maintain special offices in Milan, Paris, Berlin, London, Vienna and Brussels for the purpose of quickly providing ideas for new gowns. In fact, the first displays of the latest fashion designs in Europe are usually made for the benefit of the theatrical managers. This accounts for the stage exhibiting the latest modes weeks and months before they appear in the shops.

An advance exhibition of new styles was made in Brussels long before the war broke out, and every manager of prominence in New York had a representative there. From this exhibition were selected and immediately shipped to this country many of the models that have appeared upon the American stage. The cost of such stage finery is nothing short of fabulous for the original models and their replicas are fashioned from the most costly of fabrics. Everything is genuine. Specially woven silks and velvets, real laces, wonderful furs, exquisite feathers, fans and accessories—all these are no longer unusual in stage attire.

Otto Sarony JOBYNA HOWLAND
Seen in "The Third Party" at the 39th Street Theatre

They are to be seen in almost any of the first-class American productions.

It has been found expedient to use only genuine materials in costuming not only in the modern society play, but in musical productions as well. Why? Because cheap materials do not withstand hard wear, and stage clothes are subjected to the most severe wearing test.

When Belasco produced "Years of Discretion," the gowns worn by Effie Shannon and Alice Putnam created one of the sensations of that year. They were made and designed by Henri Bendel, whose name frequently appears on theatre programs, at a cost of $10,000. During the course of the play Miss Shannon wore seven gowns, the most expensive of which cost $1,200. It reflected what might be termed the pre-latest mode, for it heralded a fashion that subsequently became widely popular. And that $1,200 worth of sartorial art was worn for less than twenty minutes at each performance!

In "Twin Beds," one of the most successful of the current plays, Ray Cox wears a négligée that was listed on the costumer's bill at $450. Now, $450 does not seem a great amount of money to spend upon a costume that must be worn eight times a week all season. That amount of wear should counterbalance the cost, but Miss Cox's négligée is made of the sheerest of chiffons and laces, and before "Twin Beds" ends its New York run the costumer will be called upon to furnish at least two and maybe more duplicates, each at the price of the original $450. No manager who seeks to maintain the standard of his production will permit his players to appear in worn or shabby costumes, and if, as in Miss Cox's case, they are called upon to wear frocks of perishable fabric, then the expense of duplication must be added to the original cost of costuming.

Julian Eltinge, whose costumes are at once the wonder and envy of the women in his audiences, spends thousands of dollars upon his wardrobe every year. In "The Fascinating Widow" he had six complete sets of costumes, and he rarely wore the same gowns at two successive performances. One of the costumes he wears in "The Crinoline Girl," an evening gown imported from Paris, cost $900. Every detail of his wardrobe receives the closest attention. His shoes are made to order, and he wears out dozens of pairs every season! If he carries a handkerchief it is of the finest of linen trimmed with a bit of real lace. His fans are exquisite, his hats visions of the milliner's art.

All these things cost money, money that runs into thousands before the season is over. For instance: Mr. Eltinge off stage is a well-set-up, athletic-looking young man, very different in appearance from the creature of graceful feminine curves he represents behind the footlights. Which means, of course, that he is not a stranger to the corset-maker's skill. His corset bills are no small item in themselves, for the stays he dons must be encased in the strongest of coutil, and, at that, he wears out a pair of corsets at every performance! They are not literally worn out, but the shape is so altered that they are of no further use to him.

In the figures of theatrical production the cost of costuming a modern society play is not usually excessive. The musical productions, with quite as much care of detail, call for a far greater outlay. When "Sheherazade," the spectacle in which Gertrude Hoffmann appeared, was brought to this country from the Théâtre du Chatelet in Paris; it was considered a highly artistic *ensemble*. The costumes were designed by and executed under the direction of Bakst, the foremost Russian colorist and designer. The result was a bewildering procession of color, so novel and decorative that the production was a sensation. The procession of flunkeys, serving at the feast, was a masterpiece in fluid continuity of design. In Europe it was regarded as the highest expression of the decorative in the theatre, but so accustomed have we become to luxurious stage effects, the beauty of the costumes was meagrely mentioned when the production was made on this side. And that in spite of the fact that the cost was the most extravagant on record in American productions up to that time.

Klaw and Erlanger's production of "The Count of Luxembourg" was one of the unusually expensive musical productions. The costumes for the women alone, principals and chorus, represented a cost of $15,000. The costumes in "Oh! Oh! Delphine," were equally if not more costly. The cost of the dresses worn by the chorus averaged $100 each. The men's uniforms cost even more. Frequently the most expensive gowns in a muiscal comedy wardrobe are only worn for five or six minutes on the stage. For instance, a chorus of twenty girls, appearing in a musical number that might last five minutes, may cost over $2,500 in costumes alone. Florence Ziegfeld, Jr., in one of his annual "Follies" productions, spent $35,000 on costuming the chorus. Some of the chorus girls wore costumes costing $1,000, while Jose Collins, a principal, wore one gown that cost over $1,200. In

(*Continued on page 296*)

Strauss-Peyton

FRITZI SCHEFF
Recently seen in the title rôle of "Pretty Mrs. Smith" at the Casino

Right and Wrong Realism

I BELIEVE in realism if it is the right kind, but it must be effective. It must have enough force to get across the footlights. It must have beauty enough to remind a man of the best and sweetest elements in his life, and to say of the message of the actor, "That is true."

Frank Keenan, the realist, was talking of realism. He was making ready for a great Irish characterization and had but just finished a long tour in the sketch, "Vindication," that was so realistically played that it caused a searching for and renewed wavings of the nearly forgotten incarnadined garment in both North and South. He played an aged Confederate soldier with such surety and sympathy that the audience permitted him to use in his rôle a double expletive that in the mouth of a lesser actor would have been repulsive. The oath uttered at the climax of the playlet, and with what was apparently full justification, was a triumph of realism.

His Jack Rance in "The Girl of the Golden West" was a study of a cold-blooded gambler that might easily have become repellent, but that was instead fascinating, and is cited by his own guild as one of the perfect characterizations of the American stage. His Fagin in a version of "Oliver Twist," he himself made, is memorable for its boldness of conception and power of delineation. In our memory of the experiment in an evening of one-act plays at the Berkeley Lyceum, his Dr. Tarr in "Dr. Tarr and Professor Fether," stands pre-eminent. When we think of realism there arises in our minds vision of Frank Keenan. His name is the synonym for realistic acting in America. And yet he mounted no pulpit to preach on realism. He maintained that he held no brief for it.

"We are liable to confuse power with realism," he said. "A man drives a truth home to the heart and brain and audiences say of him, 'What realism!' It would be much nearer justice to the artist to say, 'What art in impressing the truth!'"

Copyright Dupont FRANK KEENAN
As Hon. John Grigsby

"What is realism?" asked the interviewer humbly.

The extraordinarily tall man with the strong yet sensitive face, of personality that swings to the extreme of saturnineness in one mood and to tenderness in another, answered:

"A few years ago I played in the West in a one-scene play. My wife, in the play, was a fine little actress. The scene was our own room, and we were talking of our family affairs. There was nothing suggestive, nothing repellent nor coarse about it, yet a woman who had been in the audience said: 'After the first four or five speeches I bowed my head. I could not bear to look at them. It was too intimate.' That was realism. When a scene is so true that the audience feels that it does not belong there, that its presence is an intrusion, that is realism. Realism is the essence of truth intimately presented.

"But it need not be ugly. It must seek and find the depths of auditors. Paradoxical though it sounds, there is no realism without romance. An author who was a realist among novelists said: 'Half the beauty and virtue and romance of the world God puts into humble souls hides in plain bodies.' I would double the number. Romance is put into every soul. The grimmest business man you and I know has hidden in him some belief in something sweet and beautiful, and which he hides because it is the fashion of the day to be ashamed of sentiment and hide it. It is the function of true realism to probe down into that man's soul, touching that belief and forcing him to say of what he is seeing and hearing on the stage: 'By Jove, that's true!' Or, to change the figure, realism is brushing aside the dust of life and revealing its strong and true phases.

"Sometimes truth seems romantic and reality exaggeration. When I was playing Jack Rance in 'The Girl of the Golden West' the critics unitedly declared that no gambler while playing a game would ever turn away his head and give his partner a chance to ring in a cold deck on him. The clamor was so strong that David Belasco thought of taking it out. I protested that while the man was a life-long gambler, he was obsessed at the time by a greater passion, not cards, but the girl. That obsession would have changed the current of his thoughts and habits for the time. I regarded, and still regard, that action as the strongest kind of realism."

"Was General Warren in 'The Warrens of Virginia' an example of realism?"

"It was realism with the romantic note strongly sounded. The character of General Warren was one in which romance was a strong element. Yet it was a photographic representation of types I found in the South. I went to Virginia and lived there three weeks studying several local General Warrens. I went, by the way, at my own expense, and it was worth it to know that I was getting the real Warren, not Warren as I or someone else fancied him. We have no right to do what a character is made to do in our way. It must be done in his way."

"Then you don't believe, as I have heard many actors say, that it is useless to study a character at first hand, that, instead of observation, you must depend upon insight?"

Frank Keenan's smile was half grim, half tolerant.

"A man may succeed in a part so studied now and then, but when he does it is sheer accident, and if he persists in it the Nemesis of the lazy will overtake him. I have never created a character that I did not go out in search of something, perhaps many things, to make the portrait complete. When I was making ready my Fagin, which was the best work I ever did, I visited any number of insane asylums. After playing it one night I heard that a man was waiting to see me. I met him in my dressing-room. He was a man six feet four and of commanding aspect. He said: 'I came to see whether you are really a crazy man. Now that I see you're not, will you tell me how,' using an expletive, 'you ever got all those things right? There are hundreds of men in the asylums doing exactly what Fagin did.' He was the superintendent of a hospital for the insane in Connecticut.

"But while I was studying Fagin I noted other types. These chance observations served me well when I played Dr. Tarr. Many lunatics are polished, cultivated gentlemen, unsound mentally on only one point. The Fagins, raving maniacs, are rare. I recalled many of the refined, keenly mental New England type of these monomaniacs, and noted especially one trait, the nervous opening and

Copyright Byron

No. 10: Mr. Frank Keenan

This well-known actor, whose remarkable impersonation of Jack Rance, the gambler, in "The Girl of the Golden West," stands out so vividly in every theatregoer's memory, recently built this charming country house at Laurelton, L. I. In the right upper corner is Mr. Keenan's daughter Hilda and her French bull-terrier

closing of their hands. That, you recall, was one of the characteristics of Dr. Tarr. And you remember his refinement. Even when they were tarring and feathering the superintendent, Dr. Tarr scarcely raised his voice, and it had a cultured intonation as he called, 'A little more tar.'"

"Dr. Tarr, then, was a left-over of your study of Fagin?"

"Yes, and the old Confederate soldier in 'Vindication' is a left-over of my studies of General Warren."

"And did you know any Jack Rances?"

"Dozens of them. Part of the success of that rôle was due to the makeup. If you make a character look as your audience remembers such characters whom they have met, the part is half played. On the opening night of 'The Warrens of Virginia,' a Southern woman came back and told me she knew at least six men at home who looked as I did in the part. Hearing that, I expected the favorable lines I read next day in the reviews. Photographic makeup is realism. The public welcome such makeup. Recognizing the character as an old friend they are pleased before the actor speaks a word. It is on the stage what a pleasing personality is in the drawing-room.

"I shall see that the Irishman I am to create this season will be a photograph of the intelligent, well-placed Irishman of our great American cities—not the snub-nosed, high-eyebrowed, tuft-on-the-chin Irishman of the stage. The political bosses that the newspapers lampoon are in private life engaging gentlemen of refinement and refined sensibilities and cultivated tastes. He will be such an Irishman as I meet at club and church."

"Does the stage of to-day tend toward realism?"

"Right realism, yes. But the public, which is nearly always right, is finding out that you can't make a play of scenery. A too elaborately painted set will distract attention from the action of the piece. Here is a parallel. No jeweller ever makes a jewel box too ornate. The box may be neat and handsome and lined with the color that will set off the jewel, white satin, for instance, if the jewel be a black pearl. But that is all. If the box were overdecorated and the lining a crimson and gold brocade, it would detract one-half from the lustre of the jewel.

"The characters and action will not be hampered by unimportant detail. It is cruel to heap superfluities upon a character or situation. It smothers them. It is like wrapping a beautiful statue in baby ribbon."

"To be a realist?" began the interviewer.

"One must always progress," replied the actor across the luncheon table. "The most foolish words ever spoken are, 'We must stop and give the boys a chance.' An actor should study and analyze character, consciously or unconsciously, and go on working until he dies. He must know something about everything."

"It would seem that realism pays," I said, my eye sweeping the vista of dining-room, living-room and sun-parlor in Mr. Keenan's handsome home at Laurelton, Long Island.

"Frank's realism has paid me," said handsome Kate Keenan, who has been the actor's guide counselor and friend and semi-manager for thirty years, and to whom he recently presented their home as a reward of merit.

"Any more definitions of that elusive thing, realism?" I asked, for the whistle of the train that was to take me to New York was sounding in the distance.

"It is using such artifice as is necessary to project the truth with apparent reality," said Mr. Keenan. "That is right realism. The wrong kind is realism for realism's sake. I need not mention plays of that kind. A mental review of last season will reveal several. These so-called realistic productions sacrifice logic and everything else to a false, artificial realism. The soul of the play is buried under a lot of tawdry clap-trap that quite fails to impart the note of truth and sincerity.

"But managers are too much blamed for the manner of putting on plays. They put them on not because they want to, but because they must. With a few exceptions the managers would prefer looking after the business direction of their enterprises. I said to a manager recently, 'I am used to putting on my own plays.' 'That is exactly what we want when we can find anyone who can do it,' he answered, and left me to my own responsibility and devices. Managers are not the natural enemies of actors. The sooner the actor stops thinking so the better for the stage."

ADA PATTERSON.

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MARY ROBSON

Now appearing in "Dancing Around" at the Winter Garden

White

ANNIE SAKER IN WALTER HOWARD'S MELODRAMA, "THE STORY OF THE ROSARY," ON TOUR

White
LOLA FISHER AND RALPH MORGAN IN "UNDER COVER" AT THE CORT

Laughter in the Theatre

PROFESSOR BERGSON has said that laughter is a purely intellectual reaction. It is a statement for which he shows plenty of proof. It is a statement for which, further, the theatre shows plenty of proof. Contrast a humorous vaudeville sketch with, say, a comedy by Wilde or Gilbert, or, in our own day, Houghton or Barrie, and you will readily see that the material for producing laughs varies with the intelligence of the audience from which the laughs are to be produced. It is not even necessary to leave the "legitimate" field to notice this. Though not so great perhaps as the difference between horseplay and play on words, no one can deny a noticeable distinction between the humor, for instance, of a play such as "The Legend of Leonora," or "General John Regan" and that of "Seven Keys to Baldpate," all pieces that enjoyed a success on our regular stage last season, although each has appealed to a different type of audience.

It may readily be seen then that a writer of comedy is far more at the mercy of his audience than the writer of an emotional play. People of certain sorts may not care to be emotionally aroused by a drama, or, again, may, if they do care to be aroused, desire that emotion not to attack their blind ideals. But if it is true emotion that the dramatist gives them, they will nevertheless *be* aroused. "Rebellion," "The Easiest Way," and "The Great Divide," even "Ghosts," may not have pleased all who saw them; but they certainly moved them. Mrs. Alving, the mother, when face to face with the problem as to whether or not she should poison her own son to put him out of his misery, might not give a vaudeville audience, for example, the sort of thrill it cares to have. But she certainly would give it a thrill, just as certainly as she thrills the devotees of Ibsen. Many of the epigrams, however, of Wilde, would equally certainly not "get over" to that vaudeville audience at all.

The writer of comedy then must always collaborate with his audience. This is a truism which in many respects is acknowledged and taken into consideration. Wilde is not produced on the "variety" stage, and of his humorous work, only the cheaper burlesques of Barrie are seen there. But there are other respects in which this truism is not remembered.

It might seem that, since laughter is a matter of the mind, a comedy, provided it be played before an audience of intellectual collaborators, would always "carry." But there is this added peculiarity as to laughter: Man, at least Anglo-Saxon man, is averse to laughing alone. Rare, indeed, is the individual who laughs aloud as he reads a book by himself. Ask the habitual joke-teller how much easier it is to get every person in a crowd laughing together than to get any one person of that crowd laughing alone. Whether it is that our civilized system of repression is such that we refrain instinctively from making the noise of laughter unless we are in such noisy company, certain it is that few of us laugh unaccompanied. And if this is the rule when we are physically alone, it is even more the rule when we are physically in company but mentally alone. Let a man be reading the "funny column" of his newspaper in a crowded subway train, let him laugh aloud at something that tickles his sense of humor, and notice how very quickly the sensation he has caused will overcome his own sensation of mirth. Probably it is advance fear of this possibility that will keep one from laughing in a crowd, unless he feels that the crowd will also laugh.

It is for this reason that a comedy which may be played to gales of laughter before one audience may be performed to an almost silent auditorium at another representation. Other things being equal, the larger the audience, the more frequent the laughs. In a large audience, if one hears a joke, it is likely that there is somebody else that is also amused by it. The result is that one laughs without fear of being alone. In a smaller audience the fear is greater and the laughter less.

(Continued on page 204)

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY OF GAIL KANE BY GENTLE

A Queen of Stage Adventuresses

YOU never would think it, to look at her. For off the stage Gail Kane is just a very sweet girl—meek, gentle eyed, quiet of manner, retiring, modest. She really does not go through life with a vampire flash to her dark eyes, her tall figure huddled in trailing gowns of red or black, her chin poked forward as though trying to puncture the air, and her arms out-thrust in a dramatic "Ha-Ha!-Give-me-the-ch-ee-ild!" gesture.

Not at all. That is undoubtedly our conception of Gail Kane formed from witnessing her performances as an arch villainess as Myra Thornhill, the blackmailing adventuress in "Seven Keys to Baldpate"; Maria, the Russian adventuress in the "Great Diamond Robbery," and as Helena Vail, her present rôle in "The Miracle Man."

Yet she makes so perfect a villainess that to see her in her home, in a frilly and bewitching négligée of pink silk [illegible] poodles, is more than disconcerting. It makes one rather gasp.

But, notwithstanding the success she has had in these roles Miss Kane is not satisfied. She feels that she is typed. Never again, she says, will she be permitted to portray upon the stage a woman who is normal, virtuous and respectable.

"I suppose it's because I'm tall and lank," she says. "I was a terrible tomboy, taking that lost adventuress part and succeeding with it. They all make me go on playing women of that type and the end of my days. To the managerial eye I am a vampire—black and serpentine.

"I lost my stage reputation last year, nearly and managed to win that royal title word. I wanted to [illegible] exhibit [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the line. But when the opening came and I saw what an enormous hit it made when Myra turned on Max and threw all her pent-up feeling of hatred and disgust into that "Aw, go to hell!" I felt rather relieved. At least, *they* liked it. My reputation could go to the winds, but, at any rate, I was giving my audiences' sense of humor a tremendous tickle. And very soon I began to like it myself. It's strange what a feeling of light-hearted buoyancy one gets when one no longer has a reputation to live up to!

"After a while I began actually to look forward to that part of the performance. During the day I would harbor up my grudges and resentments and explode them all in that swear line. It was a perfectly legitimate way, you see, of giving vent to my feelings.

"I remember the very last night of the play"—she smiled musingly—"when I realized that I would never say that line again. I actually felt dismayed. I had grown so attached to that little cuss word that it seemed as though I were bidding farewell to an old friend!

"But I've got a swear in my new part, and it feels like home. It occurs in the second act, when Helena turns upon one of the gang and says contemptuously, 'Like hell y'are!' So I'm perfectly happy again. It's the first friendly thing I came upon in the part, and I hug it every time.

"I go a bit further, though, than swearing in the new part. I smoke! Actually smoke! I've been practising it so hard that I'm frightfully sick. Yes, I have smoked before a little, but never with that 'Fer-Gawd's-sake-give-me-a-cigarette!' feeling. And that's how Helen Vail smokes. As soon as she gets back to her gang of crooks—for she's a sort of dual personality, you know—she becomes tough. She must have cigarettes to steady her nerves, and she doesn't smoke prettily and daintily, either. She puffs away fiercely like a little chimney. I'm learning to inhale. Ugh! it's beastly. It chokes me up and makes me deathly sick. But I've got to stick it out and learn to do it like an old veteran. I hate to see any one on the stage do it in an amateur way.

"What are you doing, spending all your young moneys on cigarettes for practicing?" she was asked.

She laughed.

White
Reggie Sheffield C. Aubrey Smith
IN "EVIDENCE" RECENTLY AT THE LYRIC THEATRE

"Wait a moment," she said. "Let me show you something." She pirouetted out of the room and returned, her arms laden with cigarette boxes of every size and description. There were regular sized packages of popular brands and large wholesale boxes holding what appeared to be hundreds of them. There were plain, substantial-looking men's cigarettes, and dainty, slender, gold-tipped ones. And there were tiny, perfumed little smokes, as well as evil-smelling regulars.

"But where——"

"My friends! They've been sending me cigarettes until I can't answer the door-bell without running into another package. I vow I've got the biggest and choicest collection on record. But I'm afraid it's a conspiracy. It looks very much as though they were wishing me a speedy death, doesn't it? So, can you picture little Gail leaning back in an armchair, gazing dreamily out across the park, while blowing rings of curling smoke up into the atmosphere? I've not yet learned to look dreamy, though. I still get a wild, clutchy, panicky look, as though I expected each mouthful I inhaled to be my last.

"Good Heavens!" she groaned suddenly, as a haunted look came into her face and her great brown eyes dilated with fear. "I wonder if they'll make me smoke on the stage for the rest of my life!"

"Horrible thought! But why do they persecute you with swearing, smoking, indecent parts?"

"Because they know I can do them. 'Once a manager sees you succeed in a certain rôle, nothing in the world can convince him that you can do any other. He sees you in the light of that rôle forever after, and passes up everything else. Then, too, I suppose there's a scarcity in real villainous looking villainesses. So that, I suppose, is my advantage— or disadvantage, if you like—in being tall and dark and able to thrust out my chin and hike up my shoulders. It is due to that, and that alone, that I have learned to swear and smoke. I wonder what they'll have me doing next? They'll probably have to create rôles especially for me and invent a few more vices! I won't be satisfied any more unless I can cuss and smoke and kick up generally!

"I don't really dislike the parts,

(*Continued on page* 294)

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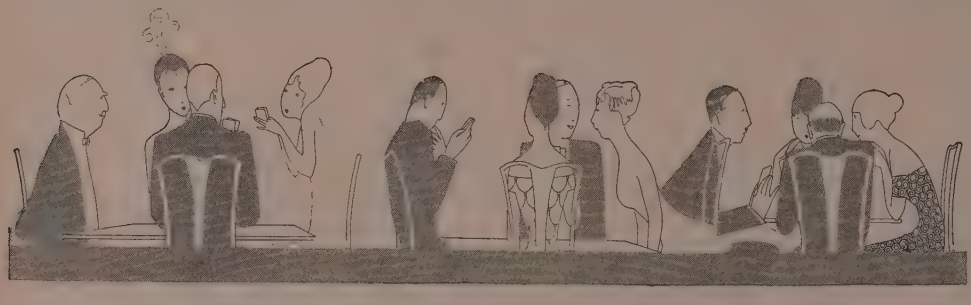

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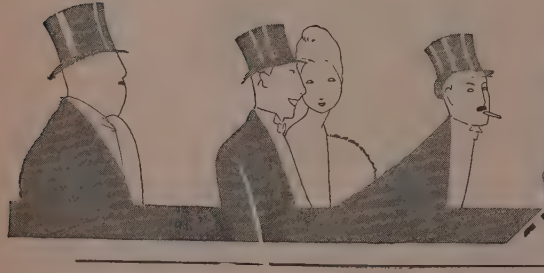

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Laughter in the Theatre

(*Continued from page 290*)

Moreover there is undoubtedly a certain pleasurable relief derived from indulgence in laughter such as one cannot get from hearing or seeing something funny and restraining one's laugh. If you have ever been to a comedy played before a full, appreciative house, and then have seen the same piece played before a sparse audience, you will understand that you have been far more amused in the first instance. This is due not only to the relief that has come to you from laughing, but also to the fact that there really has been more to laugh at. An actor is influenced by the reception of his work. To the comedian, laughter is an artistic stimulant. The fewer the laughs he receives the fewer the laughs he will produce.

Moreover, you yourself will laugh in a full audience at things that would not appeal to you as funny in a smaller one. Laughter is contagious. This is a platitude, but it is sometimes necessary to recall platitudes to understand. Many a joke is not a joke to you until it is one to your neighbor.

All this may explain why the critic whose discernment you value, be he professional or amateur, seems to have slipped up on occasion so lamentably as to what is funny. Had you both been at the same performance there might have been no slip. All this may also explain why a serious drama can keep on succeeding while playing to half-filled theatres, whereas a comedy in the same position is in a plight.

The moral? If you are a playgoer, be cautious in your judgment of comedy. If you are an actor, or a manager, try to keep the audience for your comedy large. EDWARD GOODMAN.

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Queen of Stage Adventuresses

(*Continued from page 292*)

though, for the time being. In fact, I'd rather play a perfectly human, adventuress with a real, beautiful temper than a namby-pamby, milk-and-honey, too-good-to-be-true sort of girl. That kind makes me sick. She's not real. She smirks until her face gets cramped. And it's so much easier to be wicked than to be good. I suppose I don't look it, but I love to fly into tantrums on the stage. I must have something really wicked and villainous in my make-up, 'way down deep, and I enjoy bringing it to the surface."

YETTA DOROTHEA GEFFEN.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR
"The Third Party"

LONDON, October 22, 1914.

To the Editor of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE:

My attention has just been called to your kind criticism of my play, "The Third Party," in the issue of your esteemed journal for September last. You are, however, mistaken in stating that the farce is adapted from the French. It is quite original; but a French author has entered into a contract with us for its *adaptation into French* for production on the continent, which latter the terrible war has, of course, delayed. I shall be much obliged if you will correct the error above referred to, which is liable to lead to misapprehension. Yours faithfully,

JOCELYN BRANDON.

Renewed Musical Activity For The Christmas Season

MANY INTERESTING FEATURES IN THE COLUMBIA

One of the most prominent reassuring signs that there will be, in one direction at least, no dearth of first-class musical material is found in the Columbia Graphophone. Madame Destinn sings a two-part recording of one of the great arias that has caused the name of Weber's "Freischutz" to stand for almost a century as representative of one of the most fecund periods of musical creative art.

The Columbia is unique in having issued in the past records of the great chimes of "Old Trinity" recorded in the belfry of this most famous of New York churches.

Another Christmas recording that will hold especial interest for the children is an admirable recital by Harry G. Humphrey of that classic of childhood, *"A Visit from St. Nicholas,"* the verses of which commencing "'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house," are known to every English-speaking child. *Advt.*

Walker Whiteside

(Continued from page 280)

sees and their nature is very exacting. When a different play is presented every night there must be rehearsals every day. If perfection is one's goal, no end of attention must be given to the mechanical and business sides of the repertoire. Scenery must be planned and built, costumes must be designed, made and kept in first-class condition, itineraries must be considered and laid out, countless business details must be attended to. Various members of the business staff handle these several problems, but in the end a final decision must come from the head of the company.

When the demands of my repertoire became excessive I turned to the one-night stands for relief. I visited the large cities less frequently and for shorter periods. In this way I was able to reduce the number of plays in my repertoire, but after a few seasons I found myself approaching the very situation I was trying to avoid. The one-night stand audience that saw "Hamlet" last year wanted "Romeo and Juliet" this. Next year they would demand something else, and to continue adding to the number of productions meant eventually restoring my entire repertoire, and that in spite of the fact that almost constant travelling allowed less time for rehearsals and other details of production.

My next attempt at a solution of the problem was to alternate my Shakespearean productions with plays requiring less initial effort and study to produce. I added "A Cousin of the King," by Paul and Vaughn Kester, in which I portrayed a French nobleman eighty years of age; "Eugene Aram," in the writing of which I collaborated with Paul Kester, and "The Man in Black," a dramatization of Stanley Weyman's story. This latter production called for my appearance as a young cavalier who later was transformed to a paralytic necromancer. In each of these plays I portrayed what are known as "character" parts. Besides these I added a play founded upon de Maupassant's "Jewels of Fire," as well as "The Fool's Revenge," "Heart and Sword," "We Are King," and "The Magic Melody."

It was my success in these character parts that opened my eyes to the possibilities of the character play that would bring a message of import. I could not give up portraying Shakespearean rôles to assume the modern, so-called "business" character, for I could not view such a departure as other than a step backward. The character play seemed to offer the only opportunity for serious work outside the realm of Shakespeare, and I let it become known that I was looking for such a play.

Then the manuscript of "The Melting Pot" came to my hands, and with it the opportunity to submit to New York my equipment for the portrayal of character parts. That meant definitely associating myself with a different line of work, for the other character rôles I had essayed had been presented only on "the road," and, just as London's approval gauges the success of the English player, so New York's verdict is valuable in any venture the American actor makes.

(Continued on page 312)

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Browsing for Vaudeville Talent

(Continued from page 282)

"discovered." Orville Harrold, the new tenor, who sang in Oscar Hammerstein's London Opera House, and who is the leading tenor in the Century Opera Company, was discovered singing in a very average quartette in vaudeville. Mr. Hammerstein put him under the tuition of a good coach, and his success is substantial. From one manager to another he went, and not one of them would take him seriously.

Few managers have the speculative courage which is the stock in trade of the vaudeville browser. Percy Williams and Oscar Hammerstein have perhaps done more to develop the "unknown" than any other managers.

Frank Tinney is the graduate of the Bronx Institution, where many Broadway "stars" have failed to please the vaudeville audience. He made his first appearance in New York there, and received $150 for his trial week. He is getting over $600 a week now, thanks to the browsing vaudeville agent.

The list of surprise acts is short, to be sure, but it is growing bigger every year as the activity of the "browser" increases. But he is a peculiar man, a being of mysterious perceptions for the big act—in vaudeville.

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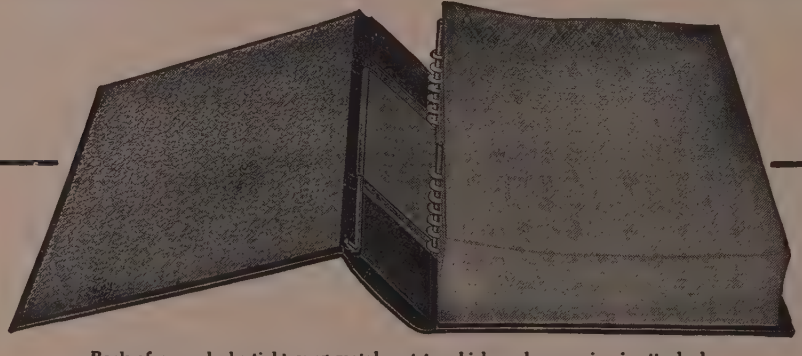

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STAGE CLOTHES

(*Continued from page 284*)

this particular production Miss Collins' wardrobe, including various changes, cost $3,000.

At New York's Winter Garden, where the costuming has been an important factor in building up a large feminine *clientèle,* productions have been made where the wardrobe cost reached the neighborhood of $50,000. Melville Ellis, of the Shubert producing staff, designs these costumes and in one number of a Winter Garden production he dressed the chorus girls in the simplest of Irish frocks costing $50 each. That doesn't seem much to spend on a stage costume but in this particular number there were forty-eight girls. That meant a total cost of $2,400, and the number lasted four minutes!

Musical productions, prolific as they are in imaginative designs, involve many months of labor in the workshops of the big producers. Although the costuming of grand opera is most expensive, operatic productions have not yet reached the cost which one often finds in musical comedy. Many of the great singers take pride in owning their own dresses. Occasionally in comic opera a prima donna will provide her own gowns, but this is so unusual that it is an exception to the rule. Generally, the most costly gowns are provided by the managers even though the star may reserve the right to select them. All that the principals or show girls are expected to furnish are stockings and slippers and frequently the slippers are provided. The cost of grand opera costumes obviously varies according to the standard of the production. A great part of the expense of grand opera costumes is given to the study of accuracy in design and period.

In the dressing of "Aida" the smallest historical detail must be correct; there must be no guess work about it. Materials for such productions are not always easy to obtain. Every one remembers the elaborate costuming which Oscar Hammerstein gave his operatic productions. The chorus numbered over 200 people. No chorus costumes in grand opera cost less than $30 each, so Mr. Hammerstein's wardrobe expenses can easily be estimated. In his productions of "Carmen," "Salome," "Herodiade" and "Thais," the costumes were exceptionally beautiful. This was also true of his presentation of "Tales of Hoffmann," "Traviata" and "Lucia." For his production of "Hans, the Flute Player" the costumes were made in France at an expense of $18,000.

While the costumes worn by the great singers are usually their own property still the management must always be ready for emergencies and there are wonderful costumes held in reserve for an entire repertoire of grand opera. Most of the costumes for the principals are made in New York by a man named Freisinger, who is one of the world's foremost authorities on grand opera costuming.

Grand opera stars disregard the principles of economy in selecting their costumes. The robes worn by Dalmores as Herod in "Salome" cost $600 each. Geraldine Farrar's "Madama Butterfly" wardrobe represents an outlay of $1,000. Renaud's clothes worn in "Herodiade" cost $700. Mary Garden's costumes are admitted to be the most magnificent ever seen in grand opera. Her jewels are worth a fortune in themselves.

In productions such as are given at the Hippodrome in New York, where there are twenty-five changes during a performance, for a chorus of three hundred people, the cost is very great, although, because of the vastness of the theatre, the materials need not be as expensive as in the smaller productions presented in a more intimate environment.

The costumes worn by Gaby Deslys at the Winter Garden are said to have cost nearly $15,000, an estimate that seemed conservative when one studied their richness and beauty. For some of her gowns she paid $1,000, while one gorgeous creation trimmed with Bird of Paradise feathers cost $3,000. Her's is an unusual case, but still no actress on the stage to-day will attempt to make her appearance until she has carefully and elaborately studied out the details of her wardrobe. That is why stage clothes are so inspiring an element to the women in American audiences. It is at the play that the feminine public gets the latest word in fashion.

So far as price is concerned, it matters not that a garment is to be worn but a few minutes in a production. An actress may come upon the stage wearing a hat, remove it, and hand it to a maid who immediately carries it off stage. That hat must be just as expensive as though it were to be worn throughout the scene. It is the effect that counts even though it may be of a moment's duration, and effect cannot be gained with cheap

costuming. When Charlotte Walker appeared in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" she wore a coat trimmed with mink that cost $750. Even so small a detail as a fan is an issue of importance. In this same play Miss Walker was very proud of a fan she used for a few minutes, which cost $150.

Of course, one must add to stage attire, its adornments of jewels, which are by themselves an additional lustre. There is no precedent to show that theatrical managers supply the jewels. An actress's diamonds are her private property. Fannie Ward's jewels are said to be worth a king's ransom. She wears most of them when playing, and where the scene or costume does not permit of gems being worn, they stay in the dressing room under care of a body guard. Their full value is estimated as $250,000.

No doubt the time is not far off when managers will be compelled to supply ropes of real pearls and genuine diamond tiaras for their leading women, in the up-to-date society play.

ISABELLE MARTIN.

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Through the Lens

(Continued from page 275)

cleverly visualized that the substance of the playwright's contention is made unmistakably clear by the action of the characters, interrupted only by a moderate number of pointed sub-titles giving some impressive figures bearing on the subject. This is drama with a purpose, but good sound drama just the same. A less satisfactory photoplay, also having eugenics for its theme, is "The Price He Paid," inspired by an Ella Wheeler Wilcox poem. The qualities of directness and logical development that give "Damaged Goods" much of its power are lacking here and in consequence an audience spends too much time in keeping track of the relationship of the characters and accounting for their behavior. However, the producers should be given credit for attempting a difficult subject and handling it with fair success.

"Marta of the Lowlands" is a completely artistic picture that achieves exceptional importance by reason of the compelling performance of Bertha Kalich who, it may be remarked, takes her acting before the camera seriously. She rehearsed the emotional scenes in Angel Guimera's drama, until satisfied that her picture would register the proper degree of intensity. It does. At times her performance is almost a revelation in the sphere of expressing emotion without words. Ethel Barrymore, a film actress for the first time in Augustus Thomas' "The Nightingale," is another stage star who appears to fine advantage in pictures, and a third, who made her début in "Wildflower," a charming production in every respect is Marguerite Clark. Miss Clark assumes the delightful girlishness and sprightly gaiety of childhood that wins an audience quicker than anything else. Her personality and method are individual, but just for the benefit of those who have not seen Miss Clark in pictures, it may be ventured that they will instinctively compare her with Mary Pickford.

Whether or not the Pasquali Company of Turin, Italy, has produced a spectacle equal to "Cabiria" probably is known before now. "Salambo" was brought to the United States in the early autumn and held by the Liebler Company pending a satisfactory booking arrangement. It is founded on Gustave Flaubert's classic, scenes being laid in Carthage. Early reports claim that photographically it equals "Cabiria," while the story is less complicated and more interesting. The Famous Players are holding "The Sign of the Cross" for release in February. When shown in England this very elaborate spectacle received glowing reviews and it is reasonable to expect a magnificent production, every scene of which was made in America.

LYNDE DENIG.

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Books Received

PHILIP THE KING. By John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY. By Hiram Kelly Moderwell. Illustrated. New York: The John Lane Company.

THE CHANGING DRAMA. By Archibald Henderson. New York: Henry Holt & Company.

NAT GOODWIN'S BOOK. By Nat C. Goodwin. Illustrated. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

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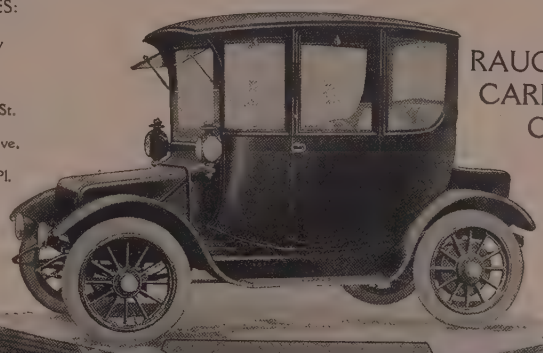

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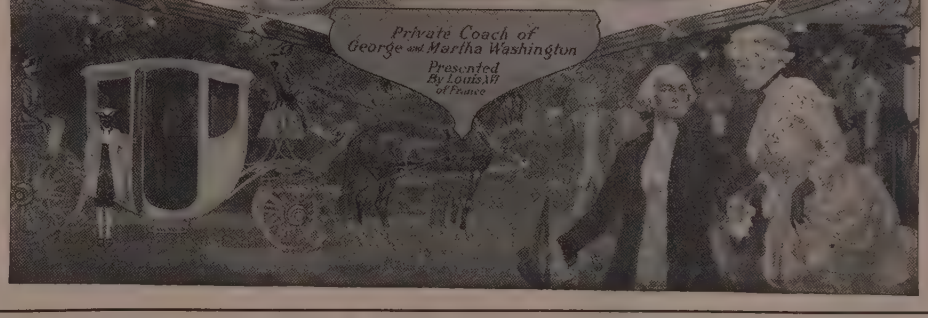

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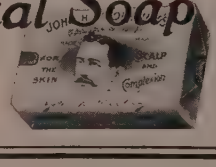

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Grand Opera at Metropolitan

(*Continued from page 272*)

grace the occasion of the marriage of Rimsky-Korsakoff's daughter. Rimsky-Korsakoff had been Strawinsky's master, and this tribute was a gracious act. It is short, brilliant and fairly interesting. It is supposed to limn in tones the whirling of pin wheels, the aerial ascent of rockets, the booming of bombs and what not. And, as a pseudo wag remarked after its performance, it is obviously intended chiefly to display an orchestral pyrotechnique. Letting that pass unnoticed, it must be admitted that the Philharmonic's playing of this music was not very dazzling, and the reception accorded it by the audience, after it had been heard and was still lying undigested where it had fallen, was cool.

By some unfortunate coup Stransky had placed this work on the program, immediately after Richard Strauss's monumentally clever and brilliant "Don Juan," so that after the surge and dash of this, the "Fireworks" sounded chiefly like what the boys call a "squib." Not, alas, that the Strauss music was impressively played, for the opening *motif,* the rushing violin figure was badly scarred by lack of precision.

Among many recitals only the important ones may be touched up on here, and this list must in all justness be headed by the song recital of Alma Gluck given at Carnegie Hall. It is no new thing to have Alma Gluck sing here—we have heard her with pleasure and disappointment at the Metropolitan, and both in orchestral concert and recital. Her voice was ever a beautiful organ, but she lacked artistic greatness to avail herself of the powers that a kind heaven had bestowed. Monotony of song interpretation was one of her strong points, and while the beauty of her voice would rouse the hearer from time to time, the singer's lack of artistic appeal would soon send him dozing again. Even her fondest admirers began to despair of this singer. Then one fine day she went to Sembrich for advice and lessons and she studied with that great artist all summer, returning to us here as an artist of the very first rank, the beauty of her voice magnified a thousand fold, the art of interpretation at her command; and coupled with this all, a winning, lovable personality of the concert stage. Incidentally she had married Zimbalist, the famous Russian violinist.

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The Newman Travel Talks

The travel-lecture season will not be affected by the war. Mr. Newman returned home about September 5th, after experiences even more severe than most travelers in the war zone were subjected to. For taking motion pictures in Berlin, of scenes coincident with the mobilization, he came under the suspicion of the military authorities and was arrested. For four days he was kept under surveillance in a military hospital, until released through the good offices of Ambassador Gerard. Mr. Newman is now appearing each week in Pittsburgh, Cleveland and Detroit. He will lecture simultaneously in Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis. January 15th he begins his annual engagement in Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore, and during the latter part of February and March comes to New York, Boston and Brooklyn. His new subjects this season, all illustrated with pictures which he took in person since last April, are as follows: "Egypt—Yesterday and To-day," "The Holy Land from Mt. Sinai to Jerusalem," "The Holy Land from Jerusalem to Galilee," "The Riviera to Paris" and "Berlin—The War Centre."

New Victor Records

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Frieda Hempel, Soprano. *"Il Bacio,"* Arditi.

Arditi was fond of composing vocal waltzes for the prima donnas. *Advt.*

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The American Playwright

Edited by WILLIAM T. PRICE

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ROI COOPER MEGRUE

(Continued from page 276)

in degree than in kind. For instance audiences of 'Under Cover' always laugh at the jokes on Michael, the bibulous husband. I don't know why but they do. Perhaps audiences like to see a man derided. Women preponderate in most audiences."

"And that may be the reason they don't want to see a woman made fun of, not too severely at any rate."

"I've learned, too, that a man should be allowed to write his plays in his own way. If another man tries to tell him what to do the result is lifeless. Not that I don't think a man should accept a suggestion. If something is suggested at rehearsal that is good if he's the right sort he will say: 'Great. Let's do that.' But in the work of writing the play he should have no interference. At the risk of seeming temperamental I must say that to do good work he must have joy in it. He must love it. He cannot do good work with one-half his mind constantly asking, 'Will the audience get this? Will that pay?' He must write his play because he is enamored of the idea, because he believes in it. Afterward he may stand at a distance and criticise it as coolly as he wishes, but he must be let alone while he is creating his play."

"The passion of composition," I mused.

The young author nodded.

Eleven years ago Roi Cooper Megrue rapped on the door of Miss Marbury's office in the Empire Theatre Building and was bidden to enter. He told the business-like head of the office he wished to dramatize a popular book that had taken his fancy. Miss Marbury's keen eyes appraised the rotund youth just out of college and spoke one word: "Try."

"I tried," said Mr. Megrue, "and the dramatization was awful. It was the worst dramatization ever made. I stopped dramatizing for awhile."

"With Miss Marbury's kind assistance?"

"No, as I remember she was very patient. She read it and said it was pretty good, but if she were I she wouldn't bother about dramatizations for awhile. She gave me a desk in her office."

"And here you learned playwriting?"

"I always was interested in plays and players," he replied. "My imagination and humor I got from my mother. She has a humor and a lot of imagination. Too much, I say, when she wonders about my whereabouts." A. P.

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THE NEW PLAYS

(Continued from page 267)

program at the Princess, but if some did not like the shockers of yesterday there were not a few who looked upon the present season's first bill as a sad falling off in humor, pathos and literary value from its predecessors.

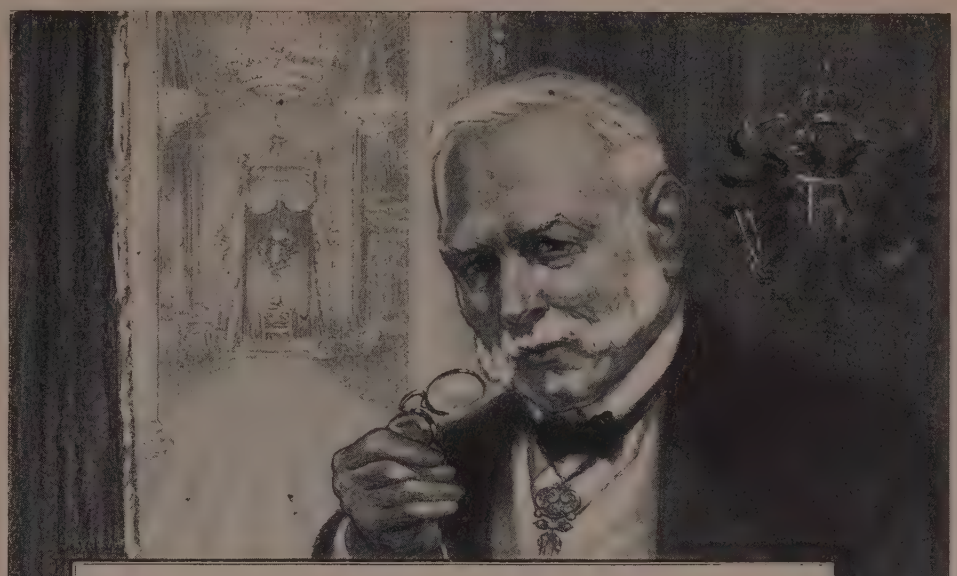
Stanley Houghton, who died so prematurely, wrote some excellent stage material. It was unkind, therefore, to his memory to put forward such an immature and foolish fragment as "Phipps." Sir Gerald and Lady Fanny, equally devoid of brains, quarrel. They propose to divorce each other when Phipps, the statuesque butler, offers to relieve the situation by taking the lady. The precious pair are therefore brought down to green earth.

"THE FOREST OF HAPPY DREAMS," by Edgar Wallace.

A wastrel lies dying of fever in a swamp in India. It is called the forest of Happy Dreams. The local commissioner treats him and in his delirium the man sees in a vision the jockey, the financier and the woman, to each of whom he apostrophizes the what might have been. When the commissioner returns he finds his patient dead. Mr. Harry Mestayer acted with real emotional sincerity as the man.

"THE CAT AND THE CHERUB," by Chester Bailey Fernald.

This is a dramatic little tragedy of San Francisco's Chinatown. All the suave cruelty, sneaking savagery and impenetrating passivity of the yellow man is admirably characterized by Mr. Fernald's incisive and well-chosen English. The piece, too, was enacted for its full value by Mr. Blinn, the impassive, executioner by Mr. Mestayer as his murdered son, and by Mr. Vaughn Trevor as the treacherous kidnapper, Chin Fang.



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Francisque Sarcey, in *Le Figaro,* said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

"I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

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"The Goal," by Henry Arthur Jones.

It was seventeen years ago that Henry Arthur Jones wrote "The Goal." It is hardly a play. It is rather a piece of declamation with a few characters thrown in to emphasize what a strong and compelling figure is Sir Stephen Famariss, who, in the opening scene, is doomed by his doctor to die a speedy death by angina pectoris. After this he drinks champagne, talks loudly and violently with all who listen to him, talks a good deal about himself and is really unhappy that his son shall not return before his death. They had quarrelled. The son does return, acknowledges he was wrong, and Sir Stephen dies across a table. It was a strong virile picture that Mr. Blinn painted of this dominating and yet doomed figure of a talented egoist.

"Little Face." Romance by Roland Oliver.

It was not to be that the bill was to go without a shock. It came in the concluding number, a romance of the year 199,000 B. C. The stage setting and make-ups were exact replicas of those amusing cartoons of Opper representing the Cave Man, and the sketch had a good satirical swing showing that to-day is only a variation in the unessentials from the primeval life. The pursuing female, one of Shaw's obsessions was executed with a dash and realism as appalling as it was true by Miss Emelie Polini. Mr. Mestayer was admirably comic as Scar Tooth, a fine and versatile actor is Mr. Mestayer, and the whole company appeared to advantage.

WALLACK'S. "The Highway of Life." Dramatic version in four acts by Louis N. Parker of Dickens' "David Copperfield." Produced on October 26th with this cast:

David Copperfield, J. V. Bryant; Betsey Trotwood, Eva Vincent; Richard Babley, Prince Miller; Janet, Rhoda Beresford; A Donkey-Boy, Master John Healy; Agnes Wickfield, Edyth Latimer; James Steerforth, Vernon Steel; Tommy Traddles, Philip Tonge; Littimer, Leslie Ryecroft; Dan'l Peggotty, Alfred Bucklaw; Clara, Emma Chambers; Little Em'ly, Dorothy Parker; Ham, J. H. Green; Mrs. Gummidge, Louie Emery; Martha Endell, Anne Cascon; Mr. Wilkins Micawber, Lennox Pawle; Mrs. Micawber, Maggie Fisher; Micawber, Jr., Emmet Bradley; Emma Micawber, Arline Dewey; The Twins, Gladys Bradley, Miss Rieser; Uriah Heep, O. P. Heggie; Mrs. Heep, Helen Weathersby; Mrs. Crupp, Mabel Stanton.

The difficulty in dramatizing Dickens is not that there is lack of dramatic story but that there is a superabundance of characterization and that the numerous characters have the Dickens mark which cannot be changed so as to meet popular acceptance by adding to or taking from. "David Copperfield," of all the novels by Dickens, cannot be handled as a whole in one dramatic piece, but it can be covered by depicting separate, but not wholly disconnected, incidents. Mr. Parker shows the only way. He was not only reverent and judicious in confining himself to the text of Dickens for his dialogue, but he was just as faithful in the equipment of the scenes and in the dress of the period. Mr. Corrigan's Dan'l, Mr. Heggie's Uriah Heep, Miss Dorothy Parker's Em'ly, Mr. Bryant's David, Miss Vincent's Betsey, and other performances, were satisfactory to all who were willing to take Dickens reproduced in the best of faith. The most energetic, and certainly the most amusing characterization in the performance was Mr. Lennox Pawle's Micawber.

LYRIC. "The Battle Cry." Play in five acts from the story by Charles Neville Buck. Produced on October 31st with this cast

Mrs. McNash, Lillian Dix; Jeb McNash, Donald Gallagher; "Brother" Talbott, Harry A. Hadfield; Juanita Holland, Grace Elliston; Dawn McNash, Beatrice Allen; "Uncle Bob," William Cullington; "Fletch" McNash, Will Marsh; "Bad Anse" Havey, William Farnum; "Milt" McBriar, J. K. Hutchinson; Tom, Erville Alderson; Bill, Albert Williams; Sam, Bert Hyde; Nash Watt, Thomas Mason; "Jim" White, W. H. Dupont; Mark Thixton, T. E. B. Henry; Mrs. Everson, Ora Lee; "Young Milt, Foxhall Dangerfield; Roger Malcolm, George Irving; "Sim" Everson, Forrest McComber; "Breck" Havey, Daniel Hall; Mr. Trevor, Hallett Bosworth; Roy Calvin, Walter Rainfort; Judge Sidering, James C. Malaid; "Jim" Fletcher, George Lawrence.

"The Battle Cry," made from the book by Charles Neville Buck by Augustus Thomas (it is an open secret) is a tale of a feud in the Kentucky mountains. Grace Elliston and William Farnum are featured in the production.

COMEDY. "Mary Goes First." Comedy in three acts by Henry Arthur Jones. Produced on November 2nd with this cast:

Sir Thomas, Kenyon Musgrave; Richard Whichello, Franklin Dyall; Felix Galpin, W. Graham Browne; Mr. Tadman, John Alexander; Dr. Chester, Herbert Ross; Harvey Betts, Guy Newall; Pollard, Norman Loring; Dakin, Horton Cooper; Lady Bodsworth, Kate Serjeantson; Ella Southwood, Lillian Cavanagh; Mrs. Tadman, Barbara Fenn; Mary (Mrs.) Whichello, Marie Tempest.

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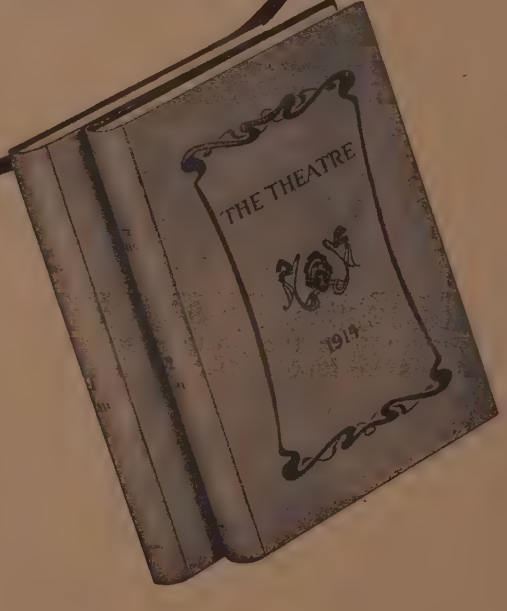

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In one century France has had a Talma and a Frederic Lemaitre—that is the whole list of French tragedians since the revolution. And this is true not only of the male, but of the female tragedians as well.—MAX NORDAU.

Nothing is more needful for a critic than sympathy with his subject. The faculty of appreciation, of hearty admiration, of contagious enthusiasm even, is among the best gifts of a true critic.—BRANDER MATTHEWS.

little while, at the Comedy Theatre in a repertoire of plays, with her own company, from the Playhouse, London. Marie Tempest is unique. She is one of the few who can play with the appearance of artlessness; and yet there is hardly a moment in her acting that is not filled with tricks—of her own. She is thoroughly of the stage, knowing every means of expression, but she is always individual. The play is a satire on the middle class in England, Sir Thomas Dodsworth, a pompous person, with a vulgar and silly wife, has just reached his inferior but much prized title. Mary Whichello, with an unambitious husband, resents the rise in the world of this silly vulgarian, and determines to gain the precedence over her in social function. Who is to "go first" is the booby prize of the struggle between the two women. The action largely revolves around some sarcastic remarks made to the vulgar woman of the new title. Apologies are demanded. This leads to many comical incidents, Mary offering to modify her language, but her amendment is not accepted. Mary goes into politics, buying from the political whip the candidacy for parliament of her husband. Mary finally secures a title for him, contests the suit for libel up to the point where she wears her rival out and accepts the offer that the suit be dismissed if she gives a written, harmless note of apology, which she does. On the occasion of going into dinner, the order of preference is settled by Mary's going in, arm in arm, with her rival.

LYCEUM. "OUTCAST." Play in four acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced on November 2nd with this cast:

Geoffrey Sherwood, Charles Cherry; Hugh Brown, Warburton Gamble; Tony Hewlett, J. Woodall Birde; Taylor, Leslie Palmer; Miriam, Elsie Ferguson; Valentine, Marguerite Leslie; Nelly Essex, Anne Meredith; Maid, Nell Compton.

"Outcast," by Hubert Henry Davies is a most unusual play. It makes no compromise with romance, the honest treatment of the theme and material making it, indeed, impossible. It is, moreover, not a pleasant play, and yet it strangely grips you in sympathy for the unfortunate woman, who, as the title of the play indicates, is an outcast. It is true that she is not such a type of the fallen woman as we are accustomed to associate with depravity, but her unhappy experience remains. The play is a study of the attitude toward life of a woman in the circumstances who is ready to accept the care of a man who does not offer marriage. Except as such a study the play has no appealing quality. Its very strangeness, however, challenges attention. The real distinction of the performance of the play is in the acting of Miss Elsie Ferguson. Without going into detail about it, it may be said of it that in nothing she has ever done heretofore has she reached a higher art or a deeper sincerity.

CASINO "SUZI." Musical play in three acts. Book and lyrics by Otto Hauerbach, founded on an Hungarian operetta by Franz Martos; music by Aladar Renyi. Produced on November 3rd with this cast:

Joseph, Juan Vilasana; A. Page, Gertrude Rutland; B. Page, Adelaide Mason; Magda, Laura Hoffman; Signor Piglioni, Arthur Lipson; Herr Horn, Lew Hearn; Count Fmerich, Melville Stewart; Countess Rosetti, Fritzi Von Busing; Stephan, Robert Evett; Dr. Herring, Tom McNaughton; Lina Balzer, Connie Ediss; Suzi, Jose Collins; Chef de Reception, Gilbert Clayton; Marie, Gene Peltier; Celeste, Pauline De Lorme; A. Maid, Esther Rutland; Wilma, Elsa Reinhardt; Tina, Georgie Cummings.

A good-looking and susceptible Count, much younger than his supposed years, wishes his son to marry a certain Countess. The son, in the meantime, manages to fall in love with one Suzi, a singer. In course of time, and after the usual easily imaginable obstacles, he does obtain Suzi, while the Count himself secures the Countess, who had apparently loved him all the while. This in brief is the story of "Suzi."

While all the players are competent and well cast, the honors were easily carried off by the women. As Suzi, Jose Collins had a rare opportunity to increase her well-earned prestige, and she was grateful to eye and ear. Fritzi Von Busing was admirable as the Countess, combining grace and dignity. The piece is lavishly mounted and the scenic effects exceptionally effective. The orchestra, always of unusual size, balance, and excellence in this theatre, was competent and discreet. "Suzi," for all this, is far above the average musical comedy and deserves prosperity.

39th STREET. "THE ONLY GIRL." Musical farcical comedy in three acts, adapted from Frank Mandel's comedy, "Our Wives." Book by Henry Blossom; musics by Victor Herbert. Produced on November 2nd with this cast:

Alan Kimbrough, Thurston Hall; Sylvester Martin, Richard Bartlett; John Ayre, Jed Prouty; Andrew McMurray, Ernest Torrence; Ruth Wilson, Wilda Bennett;

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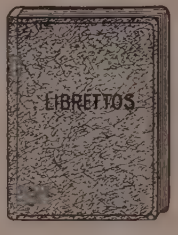

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Saunders, John Findlay; Birdie Martin, Louise Kelley; Margaret Ayre, Josephine Whittell; Jane McMurray, Vivian Wessell; Patrice La Montrose, Adele Rowland; Ruby, Estelle Richmond; Violet, Marjorie Oviatt; Viola, Jane Hilbert; Paula, Claire Standish; Pearle, Gladys Schultz; Renee, Jeanne Darys.

"The Only Girl" is the adaptation to operatic use of a play entitled "Our Wives" which was seen at Wallack's a few seasons ago. The original play was an adaptation from the German which had a good idea and agreeable qualities, falling short of the success it might have had with a better production. A librettist needs a collaborator. He is pleased with a song sung and played on the floor above him, and sends up to have the unknown musician come down. She is a talented girl. He has a small opinion of women, but finally agrees to her collaboration. He has three friends who are supposed to be as indifferent to women as he is. They visit him presently, each one in love; each one marries. The comedy is brought about by their experiences. The librettist marries his collaborator. A simple story not crowded with scenes, but with enough of them to give consistency and substance and to fairly entitle the piece to its classification as a musical Farcical comedy. To Mr. Blossom's clever work on the book is added Victor Herbert's always spirited music. To describe the music as sensible may sound a bit odd, but "The Only Girl" has, in every way, the rare distinction among comic operas of being about something and not being a hodgepodge about nothing. It is so well played as well as sung that no energies are wasted. It is an uncommonly good collection of people. Miss Wilda Bennett, the girl from upstairs, is a new acquisition to opera, most pleasing, in every way, with her fresh voice and a modesty that suggests timidity. Her triumph will cure her of that touch of nervousness.

LONGACRE. "KICK IN." Melodrama in four acts by Willard Mack. Produced on October 19th with this cast

Deputy Commissioner Garvey, Edward Gillispie; "Whip" Fogarty, Paul Everton; Jack Diggs, Lionel Adams; Myrtle Sylvester, Josephine Victor; Old Tom, Edward J. Mack; Chick Hewes, John Barrymore; Molly, Jane Grey; Charley Cary, Forest Winant; Mrs. Halloran, Annie Mack Berlein; Daisy, Katherine Harris; Boston Bessie, Maidel Turner; Gus, Noel Arnold.

"Kick In" is a title that has no meaning whatever to most people, and it certainly gives no promise of any refinement in the play so named. It is not a refined play; but it has real character, real thrills, and real comedy. Mr. Willard Mack, its author, in an actor, and naturally he keys his scenes to the highest possible tension. In venturing on a "crook play" he had to have something a little stronger than had been seen in similar pieces, something true in its realism, and something new. He has succeeded in all these particulars. A few points of resemblance with current successes in this fashion of play was inevitable, but the play remains distinctive The right of an ex-convict to reform and lead an honorable life unmolested by the police was demonstrated—if there was any need to demonstrate it—but the real force in the play was in the sensational situations and not in the philosophy of it. There was telling sentiment in only one passage, and that at the very ending of the play. It is in the final scene with that the wife, Jane Grey, makes her successful appeal. She begs that her child that is to be born be saved from unmerited infamy. This one impassioned outburst is an admirable bit of acting, worthy in its force and passion, of a better play.

GLOBE. "CHIN-CHIN." Musical fantasy in three acts. Book by Anne Caldwell and R. H. Burnside; lyrics by Anne Caldwell and James O'Dea; music by Ivan Caryll. Produced on October 20th with this cast:

Chin Hop, David C. Montgomery; Chin Hop Hi, Fred A. Stone; Aladdin, Douglas Stevenson; Abanazar, Charles T. Aldrich; Cornelius Bond, R. E. Graham; Tzu Yung, Eugene Revere; Li-Dragon Face, Edgar Lee Hay; Ring Master, Charles Mast; Violet Bond, Helen Falconer; Goddess of the Lamp, Belle Story; Widow Twankey, Zelma Rawlston; Sen-Sen, Juliette Day; Fan-Tan, Violet Zell; Silver Ray, Marjorie Bentley; Moon Blossom, Lola Curtis; Lily Petal, Evelyn Conway; Lotus Leaf, Hazel Lewis; Cherry Bloom, Lorayne Leslie; Little Wing Wu, Agnes McCarthy; Little Lee Toy, George Phelps; The Four Bears, Misses Breen.

"Chin-Chin" is like a happy country, it has no history. When Montgomery and Stone's names are flashed on Broadway we know that the real theatrical season has struck town. The plot of "Chin-Chin"—if there is a plot—is so thin that you cannot find it. But what does it matter if in each act you find real enjoyment. It may be called a vaudeville extravaganza with a "punch" in it, and when the curtain goes down on the last act you wish it could start all over again. Music, girls, costumes are all above par. As to Stone he is a real artist and alone worth the price of admission.

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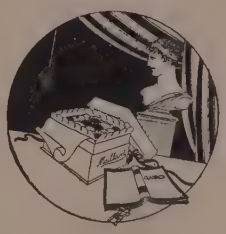

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MANHATTAN OPERA HOUSE. "LIFE." Drama in four acts by Thompson Buchanan. Music by Clarence West. Produced on October 24th with this cast:

Ruth Stuyvasant, Kathlene MacDonell; Ralph Stuyvasant, Dion Titheradge; Wm. Van Rennselaer Stuyvasant, Frazer Coulter; Thomas Burnett, Walter Hampden; Tom Andrews, Frank Hatch; Grace Andrews, Leonore Harris; Mrs. Andrews, Lillian Page; Hampton, Richard I. Scott; Bill Reid, John Bowers; Jimmie Jones, Tom Maguire; Mr. MacLarren, Lynn Hammond; Anna Stuyvasant, Jane Miller; Tessie Maginnis, Jane Corcoran; Dennis O'Brien, Walter D. Greene; Bull Anderson, Ralph Stuart; Dutch Joe, Sheldon Lewis; Dago Mac, Effingham Pinto; Madame Clarice, Mrs. Stuart Robsars; Warden McCarthy, Alfred Moore; Mrs. McCarthy, Virginia Elwood.

"Life" is undiluted melodramatic joy. Its strenuous plot, involves Bill Reid, the sink-or-swim hero, stroke of the Yale crew, who is juggled by Fate in the guise of a pair of million dollar villains. The latter break each of the Ten Commandments and then look around for more. Finally, convicted for murder, our hero finds himself in the death house at Sing Sing with one day to go. Then, of course, there is an escape. And such an escape!—in a three hundred horse-power automobile past a bewildering panorama of cubist trees and farm houses. Then there is the pursuit—and then—but what's the use! Everything ends most happily, and at least one of the worthies responsible for Bill's worries dies a miserable death in full view of the audience. It's all very splendid, and must not be missed. It's an old-time come-early-and-stay-late. The cast includes some of the best character players on the boards. Those who particularly distinguished themselves were John Bowers as the hero, Dion Titheradge, a dissipated youth in the cohorts of villainy, and Sheldon Lewis as Dutch Joe, a crook. And brightest star of all was Kathlene MacDonell the heroine, who by her naturalness and charm, has made herself the "darling o' mellerdrammer." Walter Hampden as villain-in-chief also played well.

NEW YORK. "Big Jim Garrity." Melodrama in four acts by Owen Davis. Produced on October 16th with this cast:

John Dexter, John Mason; Jack Dexter, Frank Thomas; Judge Cragen, William Sampson; Doctor Malone, John Flood; Dawson, John Emerson; McLaughlin, Guy Nichols; Tom Dane, Robert McWade; Thompson, Willis Martin; Mrs Dexter, Amelia Gardner; Sylvia Cragen, Janet Dunbar; Laura, Katherine LaSalle.

Apart from "Big Jim Garrity," the first play put forward at the New York Theatre under its new management, the experiment of Mr. Woods to introduce "dollar drama" is interesting. There is every reason that the experiment should be successful. The expensive nature and other features of production may, very often, very properly determine higher prices of admission than a dollar, but classification as "dollar drama" need not define the play as cheap in quality. Mr. Woods will no doubt be successful in his venture. "Big Jim Garrity," in all frankness, was cheap in quality. The play was certainly not a step forward for Mr. Owen Davis. Everything in the play was of a sensational sort and was soon withdrawn.

GARRICK. "MILADY'S BOUDOIR." Play in three acts by J. C. Drum. Produced on October 29th with this cast:

Godfrey Lewis, William Riley Hatch, Joan Blackmore, Adele Blood; Mrs. William Blackmore, Mrs. Charles G. Craig; William Drew, Edward Lynch; Kate, Dallas Tyler; Frank Wilding, Everett Butterfield; Teddy, Jack Keane; Vernon Edwards, Henry Bergman; Oscar Bridwell, Mark Smith.

This story, which is filled out by minor characters and incidents of more or less interest, is too naïve for New York. Hardly any of the happenings are credible. There was some god acting in the performance, but it was thrown away on a play that came to the stage before it was ready. Miss Adele Blood, who made her first appearance in New York in the play, is a young woman of beauty and attractive personal qualities, young enough to take time to mature and to appear again in a more mature play.

PUNCH AND JUDY THEATRE. "THE MARRIAGE OF COLUMBINE." Comedy in four acts by Harold Chapin. Produced on November 10th with this cast:

Scaramouche, Charles Hopkins; Columbine, Mrs. Hopkins; Tommy, John Edward Emery; May, By Herself; Jeanne, the baby, By Itself; Mrs. George Salamandro, Edward Emery; Mrs. La Bolero, Louise Closser Hale; Alfred Scott, Herbert Yost; Jessie Poole, Vera Pole; Bob, Charles Hampden; Annie, Linda Bolton; Mrs. Jollings, Eleanor Carey.

The first aspect of interest in the opening of a new theatre in New York is the hazardous nature of the venture, and this accentuates the kindly wish that it may prosper by reason of some novelty and instinctive merit in its plan. The smaller the theatre the more obligatory these requirements. The Punch and Judy Theatre in

Forty-ninth Street may not be happily christened, but the name may have an accidental or incidental value. It is really immaterial. It is the quality of the plays that will count. The house seats less than three hundred, the interior suggesting, according to a more or less indefinite popular idea, the primitive Elizabethan playhouse. Above the benches, in a narrow hall, are boxes which correspond to the balconies overlooking the court of an inn. The ushers are blue-frocked boys. The play selected for the opening is not inappropriate, for it is quaint, and its action belongs closely to the theatrical life of something like two centuries ago. The atmosphere and the conditions of the play are distinctly local to England, the turning point of the story being on the cherished idea of "British respectability," which would make a satire of modern application of the piece, "The Marriage of Columbine." If it were not for the futile romanticism and unfounded premises of the play. In its characterizations and in the details of the acting our interest is kept alive, but in its entirety the play is not satisfactory. So much to commend is left, however, that the future work of the little theatre may be looked forward to with a reasonable certainty of its success. The resources for this success are abundant. The players distinguished themselves. Scaramouche, a clown of repute, is paying one of his periodical visits to an English town. He is modestly quartered in his temporary little home with Columbine and the three children of their union, the youngest child a babe. The editor of the local paper, given in the bill as "printer," visits the house in order to interview the distinguished clown and publish interesting information about his private life. The clown doesn't care for this, and, being called away, leaves the editor with his wife. This editor is a straight-laced moralist. He discovers that there is no marriage certificate of this union. He greatly disturbs her by telling her that she is living in sin. When the boy is brought home from an outing grievously hurt in an accident, she determines to flee and to accept the proposal of marriage made by the editor, and thereby gain respectability. Scaramouche appears and rescues her from this step. The woman, who was about to be thrown aside by the editor, also plays a part in the solution of the situation. The innocence of Columbine may be touching, but it is preprosterous. We have spoken of the acting. It is very satisfactory. Mrs. Hopkins, as Columbine, is charming and almost persuades us. Edward Emery, as George Salamandro, as a friend of the family whose appetite for food is in the nature of a scourge, is exceedingly amusing. Mr. Herbert Yost, as the hypocritical, straight-laced editor, keeps the character within bounds, and is a thoroughly natural unnatural type. Mr. Hopkins, as Scaramouche, is a capable actor, but his fidelity to type was useless. Louise Glosser Hale was a retired circus rider soured on the world. Eleanor Carey was a landlady. The performance, but not the play, held out promise.

HARRIS. "THAT SORT." Play in three acts by Basil Macdonald Hastings. Produced on November 6th with this cast:

Dr. Maxwell, Charles Bryant; Sir John Heppell, David Glassford; Philip Goodier, Vincent Serrano; Hon. Derek Dallas, Wilfred Seagram; Mr. Klein, John Burkell; Lady Heppell, Charlotte Granville; Maureen Heppell, Beatrice Prentice, Diana Laska, Nazimova.

The prototype of this play, of course, is "East Lynne," but that abandoned play about an abandoned woman, about which, without entire justice, it is the custom to speak derisively, is a much better play. Here is a woman whose word for it we have that her husband procured a divorce on what we call statutory grounds, who has lived a dissolute life in London after the divorce, who has aroused the sympathies of a doctor who is called in at the hotel to revive her after an attempt at suicide, and who is introduced by him into the house of her former husband as a means of curing her of her nervous depression and suicidal tendency. Mr. Hastings has succeeded only in making a more or less interesting study in medical pathology. Her only disguise on her visit, is that she assumes a new name, her identity being known to the former husband as his second wife. The ingenuity of the audience is not taxed, in witnessing the play, to foresee that the suitor of her daughter will presently be recognized by her as a companion in the vice of a part of her career. She succeeds in breaking off this match. She also succeeds in getting out of the house without any disclosure to her daughter of the distressing facts. The distinguished actress made the most possible out of her opportunities, but the play was hopeless, old and artificial, and without any really sympathetic qualities.

(*Continued on page 312*)

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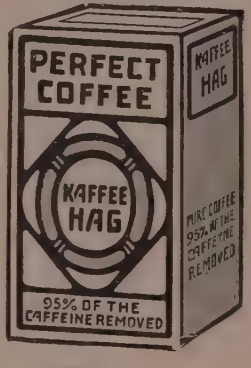

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Some of the Recent Hits

As amusing and distinctly Shavian a character as one could wish to see is Alfred Doolittle, the dustman in "Pygmalion" who denounces "middle-class morality" and suddenly finds himself a victim of it. And Edmund Gurney makes the dustman very human and although "Pygmalion" is full of clever characterizations, real. Mr. Gurney is well known in England as an actor, producer, and playwright, and has even had a play produced here, in spite of the fact that this is his first visit to America. He was born in Cork, Ireland, and attended college in Dundalk, later turning his attention to art. His adoption of the stage as a profession was purely an accident. A road company that came to town chanced to be missing a minor character, and young Gurney offered to play the part. The play was Tom Taylor's "The Ticket of Leave." He liked the stage so well that he determined to remain, and soon after joined a Shakespearean company. Later he went to London and originated Toby Crocket in "The Lady of Ostend," Gaffer in "The Two Little Vagabonds," and a number of other rôles. He also played Bottom the Weaver in "The Midsummer Night's Dream," at His Majesty's Theatre, and then for two years at the Court Theatre played Shaw. In "The Doctor's Dilemma" he did so admirably with the character of Dr. Blenkinsop, which he originated, that Shaw made him a present of the book, in which he inscribed, "To Edmund Gurney, who made more of the character of Blenkinsop than I did." He played in two command performances; "The Second in Command" before the late King Edward VII, and "The Silver King" before the present King George. About eighteen years ago one of his plays, "Glen Dalough," was produced here.

Edmund Gurney

It is to be expected that a daughter of John Drew should make a name for herself as a clever actress, purely on her own merit. This Louise Drew set about to accomplish, and she is proving her ability every day by the laurels she is winning in the rollicking farce at the George M. Cohan Theatre, "It Pays to Advertise." Here Miss Drew arouses hearty laughter as the phony Comtesse de Beaurien, who sends off streams of French volubility that does not betray, at the time, an undercurrent of Bowery slang. Her more than superficial knowledge of French Miss Drew owes to her education abroad. She was born in New York and went to a convent in Philadelphia. After graduating she studied in France for two years, and then, being a Drew, went on the stage. Her first appearance was with her father in "The Second in Command," followed by "Iris" in which she played Aurea Vyse. For a year and a half after that she played Molly in "Strongheart" with Robert Edeson, and then played with her cousin, Ethel Barrymore, in the Clyde Fitch play, "Her Sister," taking the part of Miss Minety. "Love Watches" came next, with Billie Burke, and then she returned to her father to appear with him as Isabella in "The Single Man." Again she appeared with Ethel Barrymore in "Midchannel," "Trelawney of the Wells," and "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire." Last summer she was seen as Sally Swift in Philip Bartholomae's "Kiss-Me-Quick," remaining in the part after it had been turned into a musical comedy, and later in the season played in "What Would You Do?"

Louise Drew

There seem to be more stage children playing at present than ever before, and not one of them apparently has any difficulty in "making good." In fact, most of them make bigger hits than many of the older and well-known players. Little Master Macomber, of "The Law of the Land," plays Bennie with as much seriousness and appreciation of his part as though he were trying to interpret Hamlet. He is a source of joy always, and his diction, particularly, is a pleasure to listen to. "Mac," as he is known to all his friends, has been a real actor for over three years. He was "born in New York, and intend to stay right here all my life!" —as he loyally and impressively puts it, and is attending the stage children's school at the Rehearsal Club. When he was about five years old—he is just ten now—he posed for several artists. His mother was persuaded to let him go on the stage with Henrietta Crosman in "The Real Thing," in which he created the part of Jack, and went from that into "The Stronger Claim" with Richard Bennett. After that he was under the Frohman management in "The New Secretary," in which he played the part of Georgie Garneau. Before his present rôle he was on tour for fourteen months with Cathrine Countiss in a vaudeville sketch called "The Birthday Present," in which he played Gerald. Little Master Mac has always created his parts.

Master Macomber

There are maids and maids, good, bad, and indifferent, pretty maids and not so pretty, but all very ordinary—at least, all stage maids. That is, all except Laura in "Big Jim Garrity," the Owen Davis melodrama that ran recently at the New York Theatre. No ordinary maid is Laura, for she uses her regular job to good advantage as the "inside woman" of a gang of criminals, and is given several opportunities for real acting. Katherine LaSalle makes Laura a most appealing figure, with a quiet, forceful manner that gives life to her emotional scenes and makes the part very convincing. Miss LaSalle is a Chicago girl, who studied music for several years while cherishing a secret longing to go on the stage. She finally overcame her mother's objections and entered a dramatic school, where she studied for a year. Before she left the school, however, she was given the opportunity to play a small part in "The Upstart." That fall she came to New York, where she obtained the ingenue part, Helene, in "Madame X," and later played the young girl in "Mother."

Y. D. G.

Katherine La Salle

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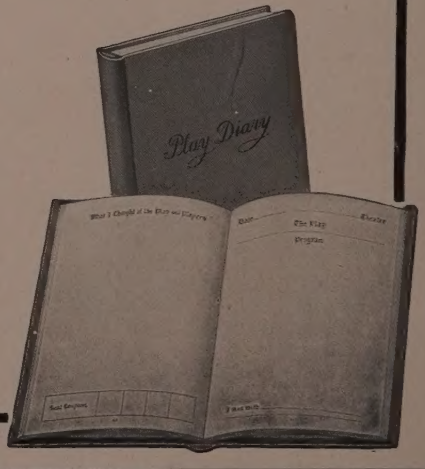

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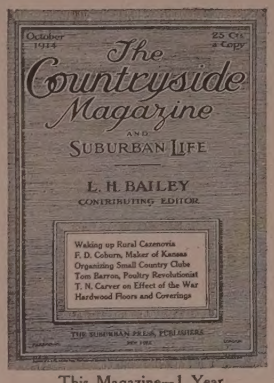

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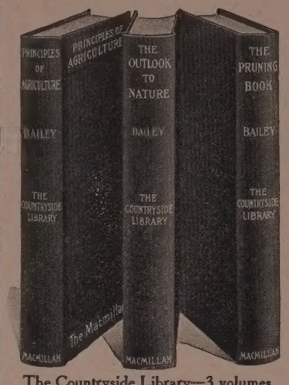

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NEW AMSTERDAM. "PAPA'S DARLING." Musical comedy in three acts founded on "Le Fils Surnaturel," by Grenet D'Ancourt and Maurice Vaucaire. Music by Ivan Caryll; book and lyrics by Harry B. Smith. Produced on November 2d with this cast:

Achille Penpas, Frank Lajor; Sophie, Octavia Broske; Germaine, Alice Dovey; Le Blanc, Fred Walton; Rolande, Georgia Harvey; Zozo, Dorothy Jardon; Colonel du Parvis, Frank Doane; Marcel du Parvis, Jack Henderson; Dorine, Edna Hunter; Mme. du Parvis, Lucille Saunders; Lieutenant Maurice, Horace G. Davenport; First Deputy, Albert C. Davis; Second Deputy, Peter Swift; Marguerite, Bertha Blake.

Klaw and Erlanger, in producing operas at their own particular house, the New Amsterdam, naturally take a commendable pleasure in lavishing upon them their resources and making them distinctive with their own mark. In "Papa's Darling" there is luxury in every accessory, and the eye is satisfied with the colorful and beautiful. If it was inevitable that there should be a scene in a Parisian café, we have not had an interior more tasteful and artistic. If it could not be helped that a husband should go to the city of pleasure for adventure, we could not take it too seriously with such a rare comedian as Frank Lalor to carry out the extravagances of the Professor of Experimental Moral Psychology. He has invented a son who requires his occasional care and a periodical outlay of money on his visits, and his comic experiences are as harmless as his fiction. Mr. Lalor has so many ways of being funny that he is entertaining without the appearance of effort, and that is very uncommon. The opera has a consistent story, but it is immaterial for record. That which counts is that the opera is everything that one could reasonably expect, and even more than that, in the way of an entertainment and a spectacle. Mr. Caryll's music is always pleasing, and of the song in particular, "Our Honeymoon," danced and sung by Jack Henderson and Alice Dovey, has a delightful swing. Dorothy Jardon, with her dash and beauty, makes the most of her several numbers, with chorus. In an opera of this kind, which is frankly intended as a delight to the senses, an exceptional chorus is no small thing. The chorus of "Papa's Darling" is exceptional in all that belongs to youth, beauty and gaiety. With this general commendation of the opera, which is successful at all points within scope, we may be absolved from going into the details of a production which is so elaborate that even a long account would be superficial.

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WALKER WHITESIDE

(*Continued from page 295*)

When the theme of "The Melting Pot" was first made public there were those who questioned my judgment in relying solely upon it for a vehicle. I was told that its appeal was too limited to interest any considerable portion of the following I had acquired. To me its appeal seemed universal, its theme of unlimited interest, an opinion later verified in the splendid reception it received both in New York and upon the road.

There is no positive means whereby a player can tell whether he is retaining his public from year to year. If season after season he plays to audiences of approximately the same size he can feel reasonably sure that a fair proportion of his public is made up of those who have seen him before but just how large that proportion is he cannot tell. So when I played "The Melting Pot" to larger audiences than I had ever offered Shakespeare to I felt that my former following was not only supporting my departure to an appreciable extent but that I was also receiving the encouragement of a "new" public.

It was to my play that I looked for the answer of what was responsible for this increased support. "The Melting Pot" was attracting my own public and also a number of those foreign-born residents who have come to America in the tides of immigration. Here was a public our theatre had been neglecting, a people whose problems were ours through assimilation. "The Melting Pot" attracted my former Shakespeare following because of its message and it appealed to our foreign-born neighbors and their children because it recognized that they were a part of us. In my subsequent plays "The Typhoon" and "Mr. Wu" this same appeal has been made from different angles. Their themes have been of what might be called world interest for they delineate a composite picture of our own problems and emotions and those of alien races.

Do I intend to return to Shakespeare? Assuredly, but for the present I shall continue to present such plays as my public has demonstrated they want to see. As for the future—but then the future, as I have remarked, can be trusted to take care of itself.